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The Sketch

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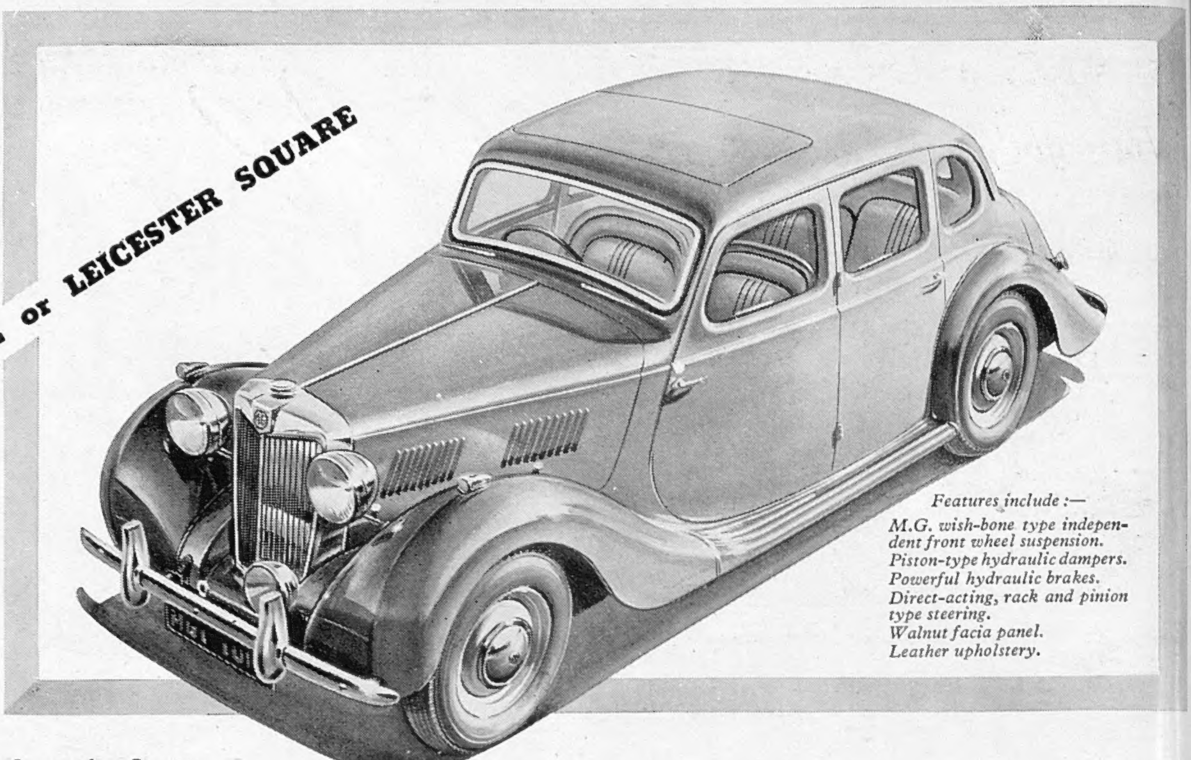

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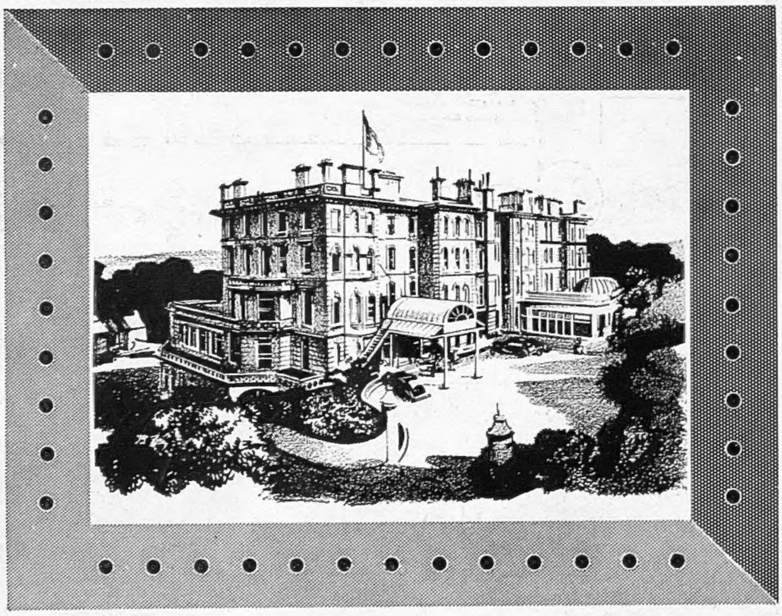

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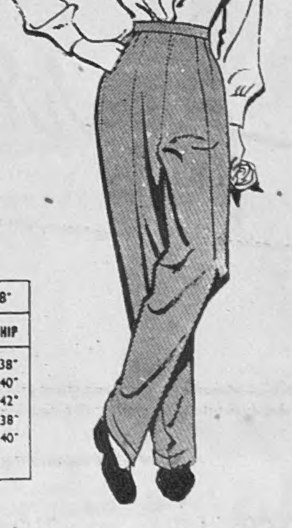

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5' 0"		5' 2"		5' 4"		5' 6"		5' 8"	
WAIST	HIP	WAIST	HIP	WAIST	HIP	WAIST	HIP	WAIST	HIP
23"	35"	23"	35"	24"	36"	24"	36"	26"	38"
24"	36"	24"	36"	26"	38"	26"	38"	28"	40"
		26"	38"	26"	36"	28"	40"	30"	42"
		26"	36"	28"	38"	28"	38"	28"	38"
		28"	38"	28"	40"	30"	40"	30"	40"
						30"	42"		

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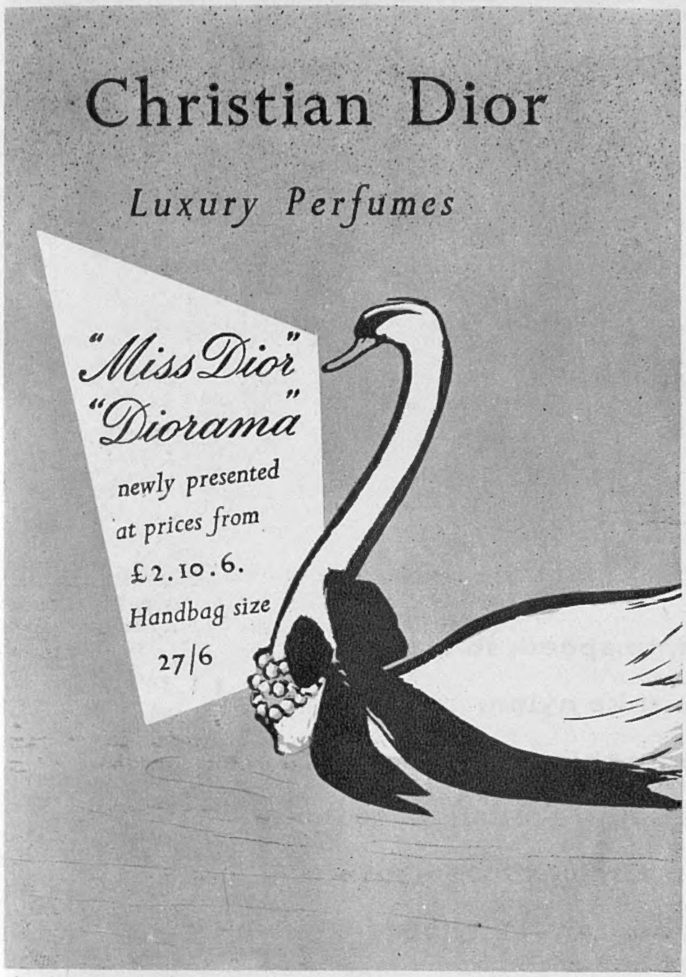

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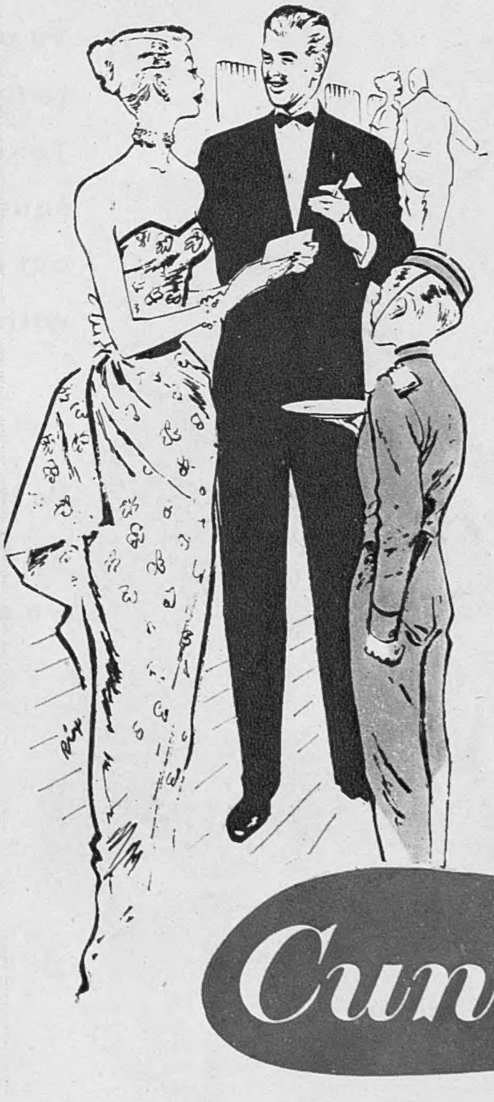

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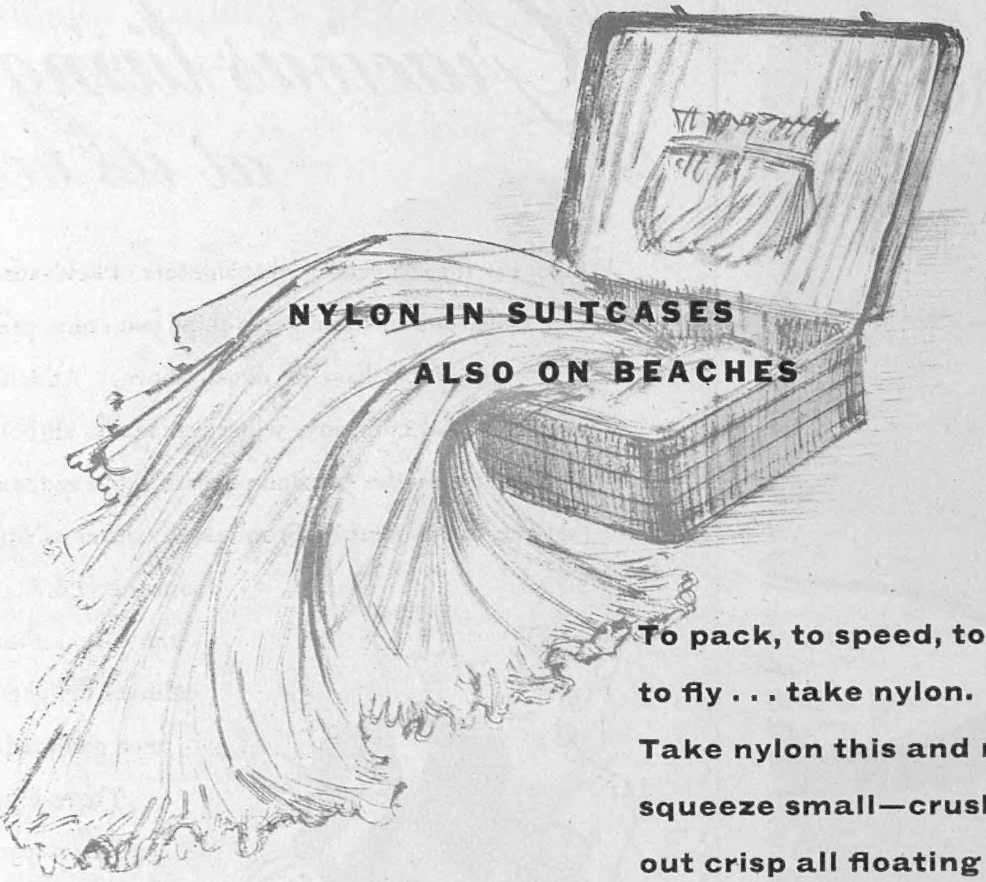

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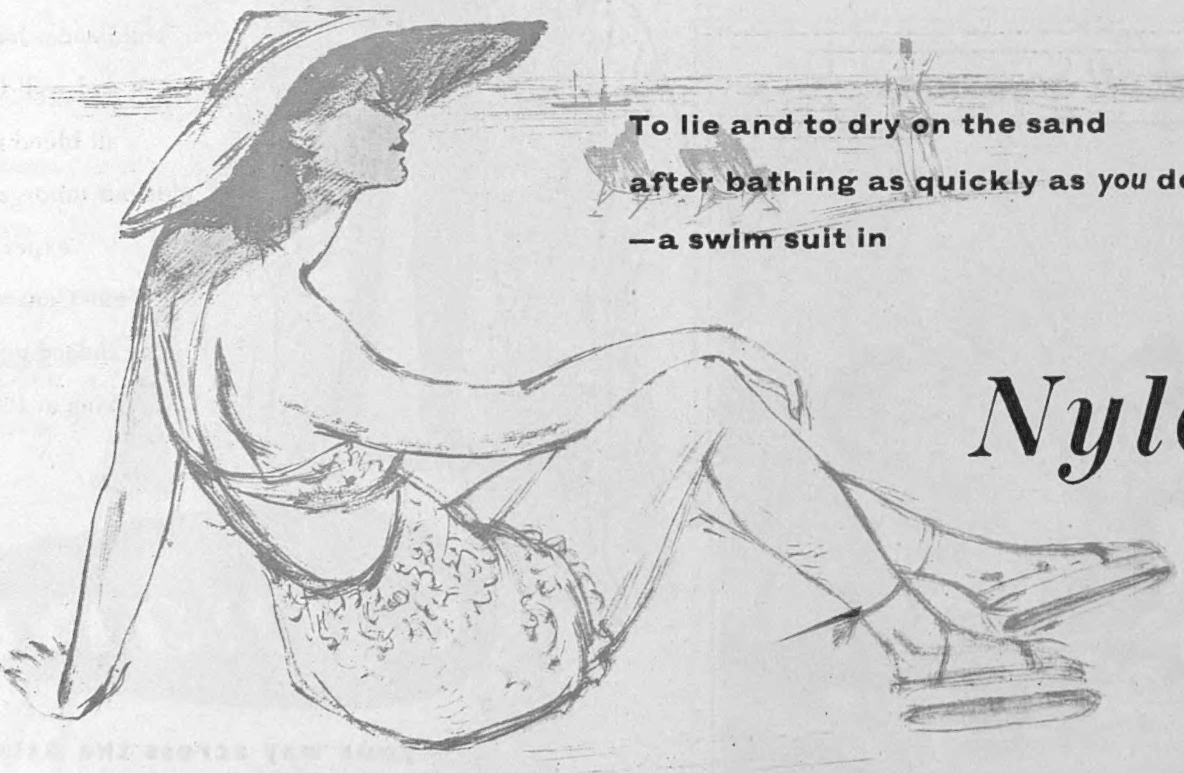

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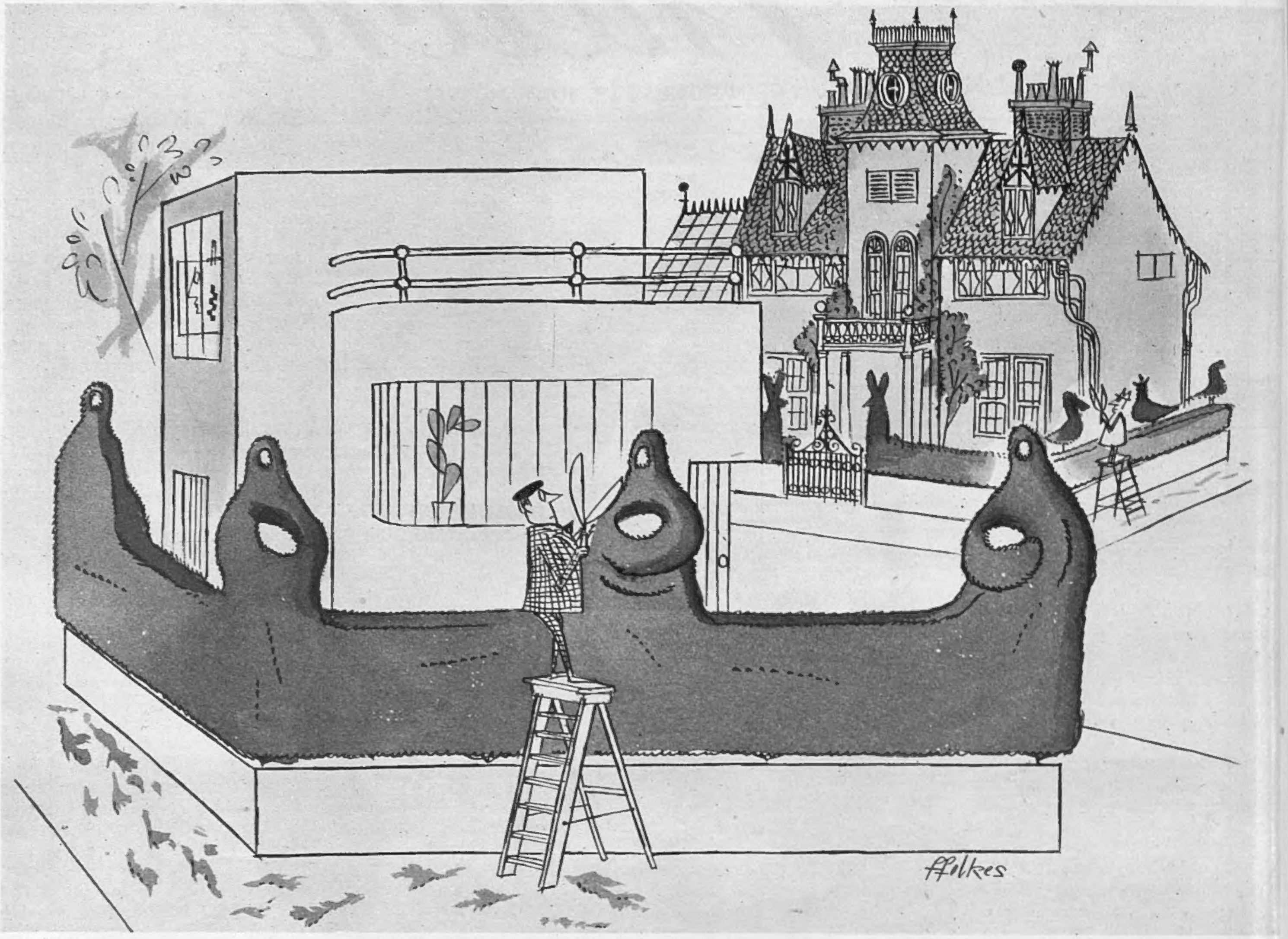
The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1952

Photographed by Dorothy Wilding.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II.

One of the latest photographs of our young Queen. Her charm and beauty are self-evident; her capability as a ruler has been proved in the first few months of her reign. The second Elizabethan era promises to be no less turbulent than the first, but our Monarchy is stronger than it has ever been. To-night (July 16) the Queen is giving an evening presentation party for members of the Diplomatic Corps.



THE CULTIVATION OF HENRY MOORE

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

IT is always a pleasure to see a craftsman at work. Recently I went to Great Yarmouth for the opening of an extension to a frozen-food factory, at which Lord Llewellin was the guest of honour, and, quite apart from the organisation of this outing, which was flawless down to the smallest detail, it was a joy to see an old parliamentary hand like "Jay" Llewellin at work. He had flown from Cardiff to Yarmouth, made a few notes during lunch, and then proceeded, without reference to them, to make a most polished and amusing speech, perfectly adjusted to the audience and the occasion. It was like watching an expert scything a meadow (and if you have never done it, you have no idea of the number of snags in that operation) or a skilled engineer operating a delicately adjusted and highly-complicated machine tool.

Lord Llewellin referred to "one of the tallest fishing stories ever," which was included in the brochure with which we were provided. This described how Mr. Clarence Birdseye, founder of the firm, used to fish in the Arctic regions through a hole in the ice. He noted that the fish froze immediately they were caught, and that the Eskimos took advantage of this to have fresh fish throughout the summer. From this there arose the quick-freezing industry. To my mind what was tall about the story was the fact that there could really be anybody with a name like Clarence Birdseye. I gather that I am not alone. Mr. Birdseye, who is still alive but in retirement, had occasion to telephone to the managing director at the Head Office in New York. The telephonist asked: "Who is calling him?" When she got the reply "Clarence Birdseye," she pulled out the plug. On his telephoning a second time he was told: "Brother, don't waste my time with corny jokes like that. Nobody ain't got no name like that!"

ON the way down "Jay" Llewellin was discussing epitaphs, particularly the type which can be obtained ready-made for insertion in the "Deaths" column of a provincial paper. I have one of my own construction which I maintain is typical:

Frederick Ellis
Gone above,
Poor old Fred,
God is love.

"Jay" was easily able to cap this with a splendid genuine specimen which runs:

The trumpet sounded
St. Peter said "Come."
The gates flew open
And in walked—Mum!

From that we turned to more venerable epitaphs, such as "the Hampshire Grenadier" and the favourite of the late Duke of Devonshire. This appears, I believe, on a memorial tablet in the church at Chatsworth, describing in beautifully balanced,

if florid, eighteenth-century language the virtues of a kinswoman of one of his ancestors. It concludes magnificently with

" Bland, passionate and deeply religious,
she was the second cousin of the Earl of Leitrim,
and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Alas! that John Aubrey's description of the Staffordshire tomb of the sixteenth-century gentleman and his " dearest deare Mris Anne Vavasseur," which begins with the lines

Here lies the good old Knight Sir Harry,
Who loved well but would not marry.

is perhaps a little too robust for our mealy-mouthed age. From the same part of the world, however, there comes one of the most charmingly moving of all epitaphs. Below a seventeenth-century tablet, with a description in verse of her husband's virtues erected by his widow, are scratched the following lines:

Love made me a Poet,
And this I writ,
My Heart did doe it
And not my Witt.

Incidentally, the use of the word " wit " as synonymous with wisdom or intelligence as opposed to a sharp sense of humour, has only comparatively recently disappeared. Another word which has changed its meaning is " peculiar," which used to mean " special to " or " particular," as opposed to its present use to mean " odd." Thus this appears in the hymn:

Let all creation rise and bring
Peculiar honours to its King.

The last example that I can recall in modern writing is Mr. Belloc's poem about Matilda, who " *told such fearful lies it made one gasp and stretch one's eyes,*" and who " *summoned the immediate aid of London's noble fire brigade,*" who " *took peculiar pains to souse the pictures up and down the house.*"

Incidentally, one person who could never be accused of using words in their incorrect meaning is Mr. Churchill. Woe betide the Civil Servant or politician who makes a false step in philology in his neighbourhood.

SHORTLY after the expedition to Yarmouth, I went to the party given by the F.A.N.Y.s at their club in Sloane Street to meet General Gascoigne, ex-Grenadier Guards, who is their new honorary Colonel. General Gascoigne was an admirable choice to become honorary Colonel of what, if one may say so without disrespect, might be described as "the Girls' Guards."

A highly intelligent soldier, General Gascoigne conceals this under an outward appearance which makes him the American idea of a typical British Guards officer. Some " military women," as we all know, look by contrast the Frenchman's idea of a formidable English spinster. The F.A.N.Y.s, who are now to come under the wing of the Foreign Office, are indulging in a recruiting drive, in which everyone who has any knowledge of this remarkable corps will wish them every success. Originally they were exactly what their name implies, the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry —spirited young women who, way back in 1907, were prepared to put on hideous uniform and ride their hunters up to the front line to render first aid. As is also well known, in the last war, though many of them were ordinary cooks and drivers, they earned imperishable fame as secret agents, whose courage was only matched by their security sense, which was higher, I think, than that of any unit, masculine or feminine, in the Allied Forces. On the whole, the F.A.N.Y.s were a pretty glamorous lot, though Colonel Maurice Buckmaster, who was at the party and who directed their operations during the war, must on occasions have thought, looking at some of the gallant battleaxes who worked under him (to adapt Wellington's words), " I only hope you frighten Hitler, because, by God, you frighten me ! "

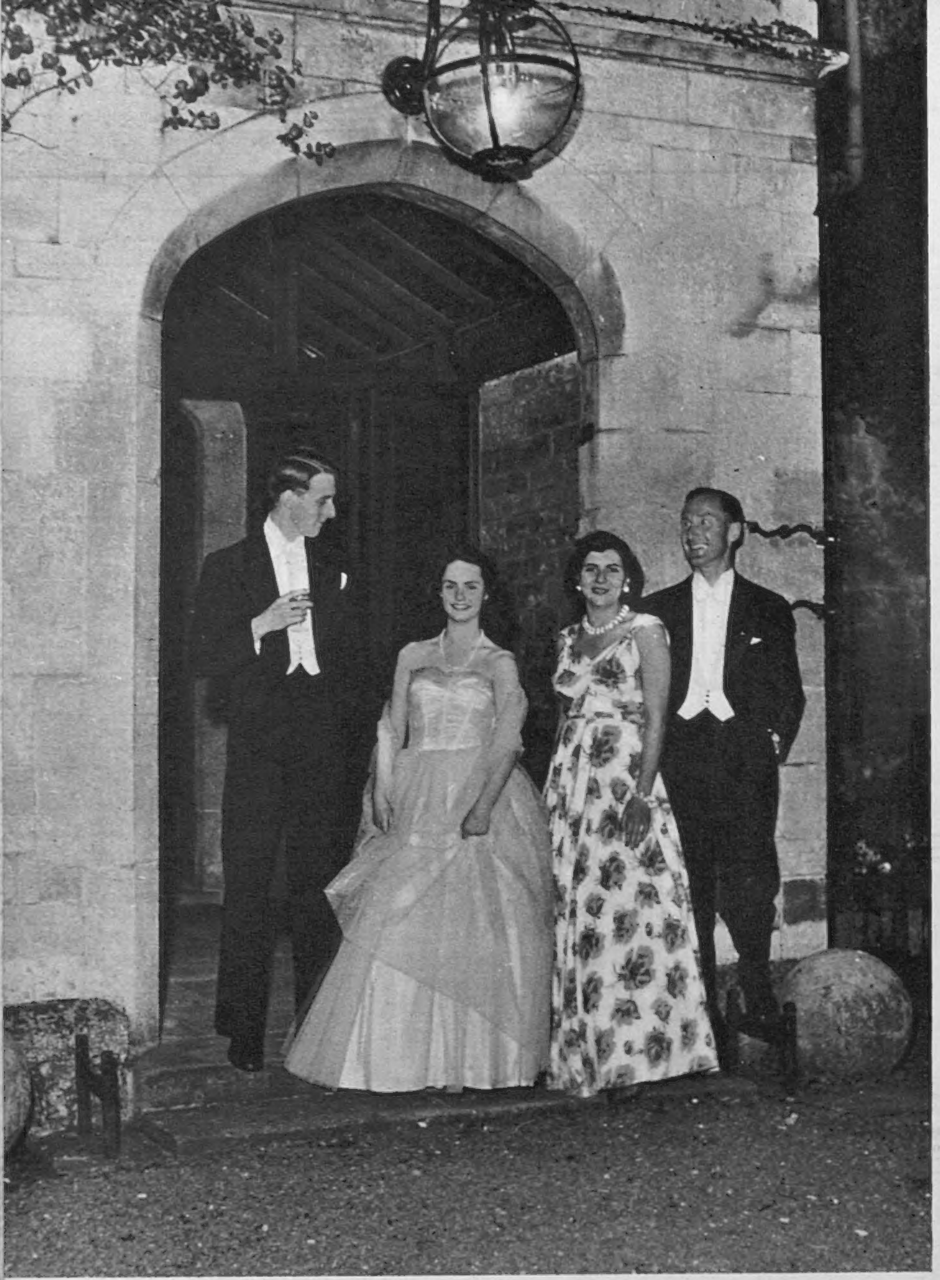
AT a time when the Foreign Office is taking over the F.A.N.Y.s, I am sorry to see (as one who had played a minor part in getting the first ones established) that for economic reasons we are cutting down on our Press Attachés abroad. Up to three or four months before the outbreak of the war, and at a time when Goebbels was spending some £20,000,000 on propaganda, and his Italian opposite number Alfieri about a third of that amount, we only had Press Attachés in Washington, Paris and Rome. As a result, even the negative side of the presentation of Britain's case went by default. Sometimes, however (and purely because of the fact that " God looks after fools, drunks and Englishmen "), the Germans, for all the vast sums of money they spent, hopelessly overplayed their hand—and played into ours. I was in Turkey in 1938 at a time when my old friend Faleh Rifki Atay, the Editor and proprietor of the then biggest Turkish paper, *Ulus*, received a letter from the German Press Attaché. This ran something as follows:

DEAR FALEH RIFKI BAY,

I enclose an article by Professor Doktor So-und-So on Germany's economic progress during the past year. I should be so grateful if you could find space for it in your paper. I should be still further grateful if, in order to cloak its propagandist intention, you could make it appear as if it came from your correspondent in Berlin.

Faleh Rifki was nothing if not courteous and obliging. He printed the article as requested—and the covering letter! Shortly afterwards there was a change of Press Attaché at the German Embassy in Ankara!

I AM glad to see that Colm Brogan, that admirable debunker, has taken a crack at the crank schools where children are allowed to do precisely as they like, and the products of which, so far from being " attuned to the new social system," are, as he points out, only fitted to be dilettantes with private means. I am afraid that I am an unabashed abhorer of this type of thing, and include psychiatrists in my mental catalogue of purveyors of modern bunk. It is, of course, absurd to generalise, and there are honourable exceptions to every rule. Nevertheless, I must confess to being a delighted collector of " shaggy psychiatrist " stories. I am proud of the latest addition to my collection. This is the story of the soldier who was so backward that the regimental " trick cyclist " was called in. The psychiatrist decided to give him an intelligence test, and asked him what would happen if he, the psychiatrist, cut off the soldier's nose. After some thought, the man came back with: " Well, I suppose I shouldn't be able to smell so well." " Excellent, excellent," said the psychiatrist, scribbling away. " And what would happen if I cut off your right ear ? " Again after much thought the soldier came back with the satisfactory reply. " Well, I could not hear so well on the right side." This was duly noted down. The psychiatrist then said: " And now, having cut off your right ear, what would happen if I cut off your left ? " There was a long pause. " Well," said the soldier at last, " I couldn't see." Patiently the psychiatrist took him through it all again, but once more the soldier said: " Well, I couldn't see." Losing his scientific detachment, the " trick cyclist " said: " Pull yourself together! Why do you keep saying you couldn't see ? " " Well," said the soldier, " me 'at would slip over me eyes ! "



At the door of Langton Hall, the young lady of the evening, Miss Catherine Spencer, stands between Viscount and Viscountess Savernake ; *on the right*, the Hon. Tom Hazelrigg.

Waiting beneath the delphiniums for the next dance are Mr. Ewan Hilleary and Miss Penelope Berens.

Lady Perdita Blackwood, who escaped with very slight injury in a car accident on July 1, dancing with Mr. Hugh Curran.

Shading their eyes from the dazzle of the floodlights, which made castellated Langton Hall look its most beautiful, are Miss Deborah Collins and Mr. Robin Murray-Philipson.

The Hon. Mrs. George Spencer, mother of Miss Catherine Spencer.

A DANCE I

The Hon. Mrs. George Spencer ga
her daughter's recent coming-out dan
at Langton Hall, Market Harborou
and the heat-wave conditioned t
country night air to just the rig
temperature for prowling in the lov
gardens. Some of those who brou
parties were the Duchess of Rutla
the Countess of Lanesborough, t
Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, M
Bertram Currie, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. J.
Hignett and Sir Nicholas Nuttall. Oth
guests included Prince Nicholas

Photog

One of the débutantes, Lady June Hay, sister of the Earl of Kinnoull, with Mr. Adrian Farquhar.

With the remains of an enjoyable supper behind them are Mr. Ralph Assheton and Miss Mariquita Cleeve.

Miss Bridget Brew, whose coming-out dance is to be at the Hurlingham Club in July, with Mr. Roy Veasey-Hathaway.

Wearing long gloves and ear-rings, Miss Maureen O'Brien dances with Mr. Peter Maxwell Stuart.

With the dark and mullioned house behind them are Miss Jane Illingworth and Mr. Robin Peel, enjoying the heat-wave night.

THE COUNTRY

Yugoslavia, Prince Rupert Lowenstein, Prince Gerard de la Tour d'Auvergne, the Marquess of Waterford, Viscount Melgund, Viscount Pollington, Viscount Boyne, Lord Gisborough, Lady Arabella Stuart, Lady Carey Coke, Lady Caroline Child-Villiers, Lady Marye Pepys, Lady Jane Waldegrave, Lady Sylvia Harris, Lady Deirdre Hare, Lady Annabel Stewart, the Hon. Sara Long, the Hon. Clarissa Chaplin, the Hon. Grania Wingfield, the Hon. Laura Boyd and the Hon. Julia Blunt-Mackenzie.

y Swaebe.

The creepered walls frame Miss Susan Taylor and Mr. T. J. B. Bosvile as they rest, for a moment, at an open window.

Indoors there were flowers, panelling and just space enough for the many guests who went to Market Harborough for the dance.

On the lawn in front of Keats House are, *l. to r.*, Ernest Raymond, Diana Raymond and Hugh Sutherland. On the left are the rooms once occupied by Keats and his friend Charles Brown ; on the right, the rooms once rented by the Brawne family, of whom the elder daughter, Fanny, was the poet's betrothed. The projecting wing on the extreme left is the drawing-room added by Miss Eliza Chester (an actress, and Court Reader to George IV.). At that time it was a pair of semi-detached houses ; she united them by breaking through the party wall. Despite these alterations, much of the interior remains substantially unchanged.

In memory, in his own work, and in the recurring work of others, Keats lives on ; the restoration of his war-damaged house at Hampstead coinciding with new writing about him by Hampstead admirers. *Two Gentlemen of Rome*, a double biography of Keats and Shelley by Ernest Raymond, has just been published by Cassell at 18s. ; Mr. Raymond, primarily a novelist, has a novelist wife, Diana Raymond, who wrote the televised play, *John Keats Lived Here* ; and Hugh Sutherland has written a new play about Keats, *To What Green Altar?* shortly to be tried out.

Keats House, a literary as well as an actual landmark, has now been restored so far as possible to the state in which it was known by Keats, who lived there at intervals between 1818 and 1820, when, aged only twenty-five, he left England to die in Rome of tuberculosis. In the garden he wrote one morning his *Ode to a Nightingale*.

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

Charles Brown's parlour. Here Keats often rested, looking out upon the front garden and the Heath, during the onset of his illness. The couch, a period piece acquired for the recent refurnishing, is placed as the original must have been when Keats wrote whimsical letters to his little sister, describing the passers-by. Here also, he composed many a poignant note to Fanny Brawne. "When I send this round I shall be in the front parlour watching to see you show yourself for a minute in the garden. How illness stands as a barrier betwixt you and me!"

HAMPSTEAD ADMIRER

A corner of Keats's tiny sitting-room, with the french windows opening on the verandah and back garden, which in the poet's day was common to both houses. The bentwood chairs are placed exactly as in Severn's picture above the fireplace. Evidently painted in this room, it portrays Keats reading by the open windows, with a wooded background. The house stood on the edge of the Heath, and the surrounding area had not then been built up. Fireplace, bookshelves and windows are the originals.

One of the Brawne rooms, to the rear of the house. The table belonged to Leigh Hunt, poet and journalist, at whose cottage in the Vale of Health, on Hampstead Heath, Keats and Shelley first met. The picture on the left is by Joseph Severn, who nursed Keats through his last illness and lies buried beside him in the Protestant cemetery at Rome; it shows the poet listening to a nightingale near the Spaniard's Inn. The woodwork of the french windows has been restored to the original grained light oak.

Below: A corner of the Chester Room, which now contains the unique collection of Keats relics transferred from the adjoining library building. The wall to the right was originally the eastward limit of the house, and the door opened on Charles Brown's entrance hall. From the hall, a staircase, since removed, led up to the bedrooms occupied by Keats and Brown. The picture beside the door is of Eliza Chester as Lady Teazle. Among the guests received in this room by Miss Chester were Dickens and Thackeray.

Below: In Keats's bedroom the probable position of the bed is being discussed. The young visitor, who arrived when our photograph was about to be taken, is Ian Cepelak, born in Swiss Cottage, of Czech parentage. On the wall is a reproduction of Severn's drawing of Keats on his death-bed. It was in this room that Keats, who had been trained as an apothecary, first realised (and calmly announced to Brown) that his early death was inevitable. "Now more than ever seems it rich to die, To cease upon the midnight with no pain . . ."

PERPETUATE KEATS

THE DUTCH ROYAL FAMILY AT HOME

Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands have four charming young daughters and many interests in common besides their heavy duties. The whole family is enthusiastic about winter sports and spent a holiday together at St. Anton in January; Prince Bernhard is a qualified pilot and flies himself and the Queen to many of their appointments. Her Majesty succeeded her mother, Queen Wilhelmina, who abdicated on September 4, 1948, after a happy and successful reign of fifty years. She reverted to the title of Princess Wilhelmina, and Queen Juliana was solemnly inaugurated in the New Church at Amsterdam on September 6, 1948.

Photographed by Willy Schurman.

Left: Besides piloting the Queen about the world, Prince Bernhard does much useful work to help her with her duties. Here they are in the businesslike room in which they discuss affairs of State.

Below: The happy Royal family of the Netherlands sits round a table in the sunshine, the two younger Princesses, Margriet and Maria, aged nine and five, demonstrating a toy car to their parents and to the Princesses Beatrix and Irene, aged fourteen and thirteen.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

JUNE 25.—Hundreds of people milled about the engagingly ramshackle premises at 13, Radnor Walk, when Mr. David Rawnsley gave a party to open his new Chelsea pottery, modern successor to the famous old one which packed up in 1784. The place is to be run as a club, with facilities for members to make their own things, as they do at Mr. Rawnsley's successful *Club des Ceramistes* in Paris.

Sir Edward Marsh introduced Mr. James Laver, who made an amusing speech in which he referred to the antiquity of ceramics as an art. Examples of work by members of the Rawnsley Academy were on view, including some attractive plates on which painted fish chased each other round. The pottery was for sale; also pictures by well-known Chelsea artists who, David Rawnsley said, would be quite prepared to take £20 for their work to pay for their lunch.

The Mayor and Mayoress of Chelsea were there, and many people distinguished in various ways, including Dr. Wright, said to be the greatest living authority on the science of colour; Mr. Albert Rutherstun, Sir John Rothenstein's painter brother; Lord Inchcape, Prince Yurka Galitzine, Lord Rankeillour, Mr. Nigel Balchin, the novelist; intransigent Mr. Gilbert Harding; among painters Mr. James Proudfoot, Mr. James Mason, A.R.A., and Mr. James Leech; Mr. James Vyse, Master Potter; Mrs. William King, an authority on china, whose beautiful home was recently featured in *The Sketch*; Mrs. Christopher Ironside, Mrs. Maurice Lancaster and Lady Delamere.

Draught beer and cider were drunk to the music of patrolling players of a piano-accordion and a guitar, and there was a "throwing" competition on the potter's wheel. Mr. David Rawnsley, an old Etonian, was first an architect; later he became well known as film art director.

JUNE 26.—A great house stripped bare can't help looking rather forlorn, and Park Lane House, Sir Philip Sassoon's old home, is now a gaunt marble skeleton, hall and stairs bleak and tall, panelled rooms distressingly empty even when full of people—plenty of whom were brought by members of the young committee to the ball in aid of the Forces Help Society and Lord Roberts Workshops. Princess Marie Louise, who stayed until one o'clock, was president, and Lady Savernake, chairman. Lord Savernake seemed to be taking his duties as the chairman's husband seriously, and both were hurrying up and down the impressive stairs with the throng of rest-and-supper seekers. A splendid cabaret was provided by Julie Wilson and Billy Milton, and among the people at the ball were Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Lord Abinger, Mr. George Mervyn-Evans, the new Rouge Herald; Miss Yolanda Calvocoressi, Miss Sally Maconochie, Miss Delia Buxton, the Misses Judy and Susan Miller, Miss Sarah Chester-Beatty and Mr. John Hughes-Recketts.

JUNE 25.—CHAMPAGNE ABOARD THE BUS. Miss Shona Macpherson, younger daughter of Lord Macpherson of Drumochter, and Mr. Donald Lestrange Campbell celebrated their engagement with a party on a Thames water bus.

JUNE 25.—PARTY TELEGRAMS. Miss Sarah Churchill (*left*) and Miss Gillian Grant, reading messages to the latter at her coming-out dance.

JUNE 26.—THE QUEEN AND THE ARCHERS. The Queen talking to Colonel W. D. Watson, treasurer of the Royal Company of Archers, during her visit to Edinburgh. On the left is the Duke of Buccleuch.

JUNE 27.—COMMEMORATION WEEK AT OXFORD. Watching polo during a week of much gaiety are, *l. to r.*, Lord Stormont, Miss Caroline Dewar, Miss Fiona Coats and Miss Norina Stewart-Clark.

JUNE 28.—USEFUL CUP. After presenting the Duke of Sutherland Cup to Beechwood, the team who won it at Cowdray Park, the Duchess of Sutherland had a refresher of champagne from the prize.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

JUNE 30.—AT THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother at the joint meeting of the orthopædic associations of the English-speaking world.

JULY 1.—INSPECTING. The Queen inspecting a tent, one of the many items of equipment being taken by the British North Greenland Expedition when it sailed on the Norwegian sealer *Tottan*.

JUNE 27.—*The Millionairess* opened with a bang at the New Theatre, and masses of people thronged back-stage afterwards to congratulate Katharine Hepburn, who popped in and out of a series of dresses for the benefit of the photographers. Also being congratulated was Mr. James Bailey, responsible for the décor, and the rest of the cast, which included Robert Helpmann. Mr. Emlyn Williams, back from his successful American appearance as Dickens, was there among the many, with his wife.

JULY 1.—There were many distinguished people at the luncheon in honour of the British Schools Exploring Society, given by the Simpson Services Club; Lord Aberdare, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Algernon Willis, Lord Sempill and Sir Jocelyn Lucas among them. Speeches were made by the host, Dr. S. Simpson, Major Tufton Beamish and Surgeon-Commander G. Murray Levick, president and founder of the Society. The stories of the boys' activities in wild and trackless regions were very interesting.

In the evening there were about 600 people at the splendid dance given by the Dowager Lady Chaplin and Mrs. Thomas Lilley for Miss Clarissa Chaplin and Miss Patricia Cottingham. The ballroom and supper-room were beautifully banked with flowers, which also swarmed in picturesque garlands round the pillars. Everything was laid on, including gypsy serenaders at supper-time and a very amusing cabaret, with a song gaily satirising a few of the young men who have worked hardest at delighting the debs. this season. The usual pale and fragile dresses whirled round the "tough" young ladies as they gamely embarked on their second month of almost non-stop dancing, and there was plenty of merry incident, as when Mr. Jerry Ackroyd wrenched one of the garlands from a pillar and made it into a wreath for Miss Virginia Estcourt, who danced in it for the rest of the evening.

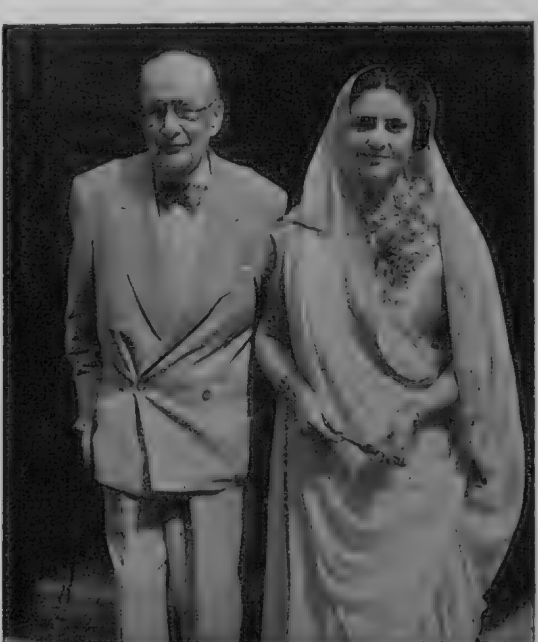
The Dowager Lady Chaplin gave an enormous dinner-party at Londonderry House beforehand; among people who brought parties were Lady Dufferin and Ava, Lady Bury, Lady St. John of Bletso, Lady Vivian, Lady Mount, and many more, mostly mothers with débutante daughters. Among other guests were the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli, the Greek Ambassador and Mme. Melas, and the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. de Rivera Schreiber; also Prince Aly Khan—like him, Mrs. Lilley is a racehorse owner, and won the Festival Stakes at Ascot last year with her *Supreme Court*—the Duke of Alba, the Duke and Duchess of Montoro, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll; Lady Londonderry and Lord and Lady Westmorland.

Mr. Gerard Noel, Lord Gainsborough's brother, was one of the sensible men who wore cool, white dinner jackets; welcome fans were supplied for all the guests and the band.

JULY 1.—VISIT TO FOLKESTONE. When touring the ward of the Royal Victoria Hospital at Folkestone Princess Margaret paused to shake hands with young Gunning Davis.

JULY 1.—AT EAST RETFORD. The Duke of Gloucester signing the Roll of Benefactors at the King Edward VI. Grammar School with a quill pen. The headmaster, Mr. J. C. H. Gover, looks on.

JULY 1.—DEBUTANTES Miss Patricia Cottingham (*left*) with Miss Clarissa Chaplin, at the dance given for them both by the Dowager Lady Chaplin and Mrs. Thomas Lilley.



JULY 2.—GAY 'NINETIES AND GAY 'TWENTIES. Lord Winchester, whose heyday was the gay 'nineties, married Miss Bapsy Pavry at Caxton Hall.

JULY 3.—WEDDING IN THE RAIN. Miss Gwyneth Bruce, Lord Aberdare's younger daughter, married Mr. Robin McCheyne Andrew at St. Michael's, Chester Square.

JULY 2.—ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY SHOW. The Queen, during her visit to the West, admired *Heaton Silver Lad*, J. and W. Whewell's Shire gelding.

JULY 3. — DEPOT INSPECTION. Her Majesty inspecting the W.R.A.C., T.A., at the Regimental Depot of the Dorset Regiment.

JULY 2.—The Queen went to the Royal Show at Stover Park, Newton Abbot (photograph on right) on the second day, when it was a good deal cooler than the broiling first one. She was shown round by Lord Fortescue, President of the Show, and Mr. Michael Mason, Honorary Director. The scourge of foot-and-mouth disease caused the cancelling of all the cattle and sheep classes, which affected the attendances, but there were still plenty of people there, including Sir Giles and Lady Sebright, who had come over from Milton Park, where they have a fine Jersey herd. With them, watching the hunters being judged, were Captain and Mrs. Peter Long—he was joint-Master of the Bicester with Lord Beatty. Sir John and Lady Carew Pole had come up from Antony, their lovely place on the Tamar, in Cornwall. Lord and Lady Exmouth were bemoaning the absence of the cattle classes, as they are keen breeders of Jersey cattle ; Lord and Lady Devon were admiring the wonderful flowers in the Horticultural tent ; Lord and Lady Roborough and Lord and Lady Digby were watching the jumping. In the interesting Forestry section were Sir John and Lady Shelley and Colonel Fulford, who had come over from Great Fulford, a lovely Tudor house in mid-Devon. Others seen were Sir Thomas Dugdale, the Minister for Agriculture ; Lord Radnor and Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Hayter-Hames : he is Chairman of the Royal Show local fund.

JULY 4.—There was a very good party for lovely Miss Maxine Thellusson in the Harcourt Rooms overlooking the Terrace of the House of Commons. Lady Maxwell Fyfe was receiving the guests : she is a delightful person, a sister of Rex Harrison, and presented Miss Thellusson. Among other débutantes there were Miss Deirdre Curtis-Bennett, Miss Nicola Cole, Miss Caroline Sale, Miss Bryony Powell and Miss Camilla Beddington. Lady Courtney, who came with her husband, Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney, wore an enormous black hat with a yellow chrysanthemum on the brim ; her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Maydwell, were there too ; also Sir Mark Norman and his brother, Mr. Desmond Norman ; and Lord de Grey.

JULY 5.—Spray from a passing fountain in Trafalgar Square refreshed a hot morning journey to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, where there was a party in the large crush bar to meet the New York City Ballet Company.

Lord Plunket, who arrived with Lord and Lady Wakehurst, secured a stiff lemonade and helped try to spot the stars, but as we do not yet know the gifted Americans (having missed their visit to Covent Garden in the summer of 1950), this was not very successful, though George Balanchine, the company's brilliant artistic director, was pointed out, very slim and neat, wearing a bow tie. Our own National Ballet company was there to welcome the distinguished visitors : Dame Ninette de Valois, without a hat ; Margot Fonteyn ; Pamela May (the wicked old "Mum" of *Bonne Bouche*) ; Anne Heaton, underlining her *Mirror for Witches* triumph in a hat with a cone-shaped crown ; Frederick Ashton, off to Italy for a holiday before getting to work on his new three-act ballet *Sylvia*—Delibes' music—which is to be presented at Covent Garden on Sept. 3.

Lord Plunket's sister-in-law, Mrs. Robin Plunket, wore delightful little up-tilted green spectacles like cats'-eyes ; among the other guests were Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark.

JULY 3.—IN HER SON'S DUCHY. The Queen signing the Distinguished Visitors' Book after arriving at Maumbury Rings, the famous remains of a Roman amphitheatre near Dorchester.

JULY 4.—FUN AT H.A.C. BALL. *L. to r.*, at Armoury House, E.C.1. H.Q., Lieut. D. Hodgson, Miss Suzanne Gammon, Miss Patricia Brown, Captain J. Stacey, Miss Judith Tribe and Mr. Jim Mayers. The rifle range was one among many enticing side-shows and attractions.

JULY 4.—DÉBUT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. Miss Maxine Thellusson, with her father, Mr. Toby Thellusson, and Lady Maxwell Fyfe, at the cocktail party given for Miss Thellusson in the Harcourt Rooms at the House.

JULY 5.—FROM ST. MARGARET'S TO DOWNING STREET. Mr. R. C. Butler, son of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his bride, Miss Susan Walker. The reception after their St. Margaret's wedding was at 11, Downing Street.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

JULY 7.—PRINCESS MARGARET AT NORWICH. The Princess opened a new orthopædic unit at the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital and was shown round by Alderman H. S. Matthes, vice-chairman of the Hospital Management Committee, and Miss Jean Watson, the Matron.

JULY 5.—One of the best out-of-London dances was given on Saturday by Lady Malmesbury and Mrs. Stucley, for their daughters, Lady Sylvia Harris and Miss Margaret Stucley, at Greywell, Basingstoke (lent by Lord and Lady Dorchester). Among people at the enormous dinner-party beforehand were Lords Brecknock, Pollington and Boyne, all twenty-one, and Lord Waterford, nineteen; Lord Montagu of Beaulieu was another of the young Lords; also there were the young Ladies Marye Pepys, Annabel Stewart and Jane Waldegrave. Among party-bringers were the Dowager Lady Malmesbury, Lady Dorchester, Lady Anne Rhys (daughter of the fifth Duke of Wellington) and Mrs. Walter Sale. More pretty débutantes there were Miss Stella Jebb, Miss Sara Long and Miss Elizabeth Incledon-Webber, who is a very good tennis player, inheriting a gift for games from her father, who captained the Eton XI. of his day and represented England in the Amateur Squash Championships in America in 1926.

JULY 7.—Well-known chaps in shorts and singlets, some of them in boaters and many of them in incongruous evening shoes, rowed a lusty race on the dance floor of the Great Room at Grosvenor House immediately after dinner at the Lord's Taverners' Ball, in aid of the Playing Fields Association. The Taverners beat the combined Oxford and Cambridge crew in the strenuous contest for the "Dry Land Rowing Championship of the British Empire"; their partners waiting, stranded.

Among over a thousand people there were Lady Curtis-Bennett, whose husband, the late Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett, founded the National Playing Fields Association; Lord Tedder, one of the most enigmatic of great men; Mr. Martin Boddey, chairman of the Lord's Taverners; Lord Luke, Sir James and Lady Barnes, and masses and masses of well-known stage, film and B.B.C. personalities. At midnight there was a long and lavish cabaret performed by Miss Evelyn Laye, with Ralph Stenton at the piano; Mr. Jimmy Edwards, Mr. Tony Hancock and Jack, Joe and Joni.

JULY 9.—A morning cocktail party was given by the British Sailors' Society in connection with the Trafalgar Fair which is to aid the Society on October 21. Lord Nelson is President of the Fair, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys chairman, and Mrs. Warren Pearl deputy-chairman.

A nearer prospect is the garden-party at the Hurlingham Club on July 23 in aid of the Children's Society, formerly the Waifs and Strays. The party is to go on from 2.30 until 7, wet or fine, and there are many enticements for the moderate entrance fee. Lady Elphinstone is chairman and there are many distinguished stallholders.

BRIDGET CHETWYND.

In our last issue we referred to Mary Gordon West, the painter, as a sister of Mr. Gautret-Goldsmith. They are not, in fact, related.

JULY 7.—RECORD-BREAKER. Miss Margaret Truman with Commodore Harry Manning on the bridge of the liner *United States* at the end of the Blue-Riband-winning crossing.

JULY 8.—QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER. Her Majesty stopped to talk to the girls of Milton Mount College when she visited Sussex.

JULY 8.—THE QUEEN GOES TO A BALL. After giving a large dinner-party at Buckingham Palace, the Queen went with her party to the dance given by Lady Londonderry and Lady Leicester for Lady Annabel Stewart and Lady Carey Coke.

JULY 8.—SEVENTEEN RUNS FOR THE DUKE. The Duke of Norfolk made 17 runs when he captained his eleven against Sussex at Arundel. On the right is the Duchess; Mrs. J. Bowes-Lyon centre. The match raised £857 towards re-establishing the Sussex Nursery.

TO MARRY THE DUFF COOPERS' SON

Miss Anne Clifford, eldest of Sir Bede and Lady Clifford's three beautiful daughters, has just become engaged to Mr. John Julius Cooper, only son of Sir Duff and Lady Diana Cooper. The photograph of Mr. Cooper (*right*) is one that readers may recall from *The Sketch* of June 20 last year, when we visited some Oxford undergraduates in college.

Photographed by Bassano, and inset by Harold White.

AT THE THEATRE.

Miss Giddens, the governess (Flora Robson), is mysteriously confronted by Miles (Jeremy Spenser), the young boy who seems so wrapped up with the ancient evil pervading the whole house.

"All who go to Her Majesty's Theatre should watch Miss Robson's eyes; she persuades us that she is seeing into the depths of horror."

★ First Choice ★

THE INNOCENTS

(Her Majesty's)

IT seems to me that to enjoy *The Innocents* you should not first have read *The Turn of the Screw*, from which it is adapted. In these days it is the fashion to adapt Henry James (Dodie Smith's next play has a James derivation, I hear). Even so, not many could have expected to find *The Turn of the Screw* in two stage versions within a few years. For that matter, one version is surprising enough.

The play at Her Majesty's, by an American, William Archibald, is clearly meant for a large stage, just as Allan Turpin's at the Arts some seasons ago was meant for a small one. That held more of the essential James than the present piece, which is, frankly, a night with the spooks: few subtleties; few things that Jamesians would recognise as authentically the Master's; but, from first to last, a sharp awareness.

At curtain-rise we are in the drawing-room at the country house of Bly in 1880. It is an early autumn afternoon; I must say at once that there is no more haunting design on the London stage than Jo Mielziner's set, simple and massive, with the staircase that curves down from who knows what unmentionable shadows above, and the french windows that give upon a melancholy lake and the venerable trees. To this room comes the governess (Flora Robson), who has to take charge of the young children of Bly, the girl Flora, the boy Miles, and who finds soon that the place is haunted indeed—by the shadows of a dead valet, Peter Quint, and a former governess, Miss Jessel. Not haunted merely: this is a case of dæmonic possession. All that was evil in Peter Quint has gone into the boy Miles. The newcomer has to save two souls.

We had better forget James's original and accept this as a plain ghost-story, a melodrama of "possession." Some people say scornfully that nothing bores them more than ghosts; that they will accept, maybe, the spirit of Hamlet's Father, or Noël Coward's Elvira, but that any serious modern spookery is so much nonsense. If members of this persuasion were in Her Majesty's at the première of *The Innocents*, they did not reveal themselves. The theatre was pin-still in the last scenes when we saw "Quint" outside the house in the moonlight and "Miss Jessel" standing just within the drawing-room. Credit belongs, I think, to acting, lighting and production as much as to the dramatist; but it certainly makes an occasion in the theatre for those whose nerves are reasonably strong. At the Grand Guignol they used to have nurses and ambulance-men. More excuse for them, I should say, at Her Majesty's.

The designer is Jo Mielziner; the producer is Peter Glenville, who directed the piece in New York: honour to them, but—beyond all—to Flora Robson, who leads a company of four (two adults, two children). It is an astonishingly difficult part, for there are no points of rest, no easing of the strain: let me say only that all who go to Her Majesty's should watch Miss Robson's eyes; she persuades us that she is seeing into the depths of horror, and when an actress can do that, there is no more to be said. Barbara Everest is, comfortably, the housekeeper at Bly; and, as the two children in jeopardy, Jeremy Spenser and Carol Wolveridge give performances far better than one is used to getting from Infant Phenomena. The children in this version are uncommonly difficult: the young players act them with loyalty and help to keep us shivering in the steam-bath heat of July.

Miss Giddens evidently senses the sinister appearance in the background as she reads to Flora (Carol Wolveridge).

. . with J. C. TREWIN

★ Also Chosen ★

THE MILLIONAIRESS

(New)

IT is years since I stood on a fierce December afternoon and watched the wind flattening a hedge of tamarisk. Nothing could have stood, it seemed, against that hurtling gale. I thought of it when Katharine Hepburn, the film actress, appeared in the first minute of Shaw's comedy. We knew at once that she was made for Epifania, that symbol of the "boss," the ruthless, crushing, masterful woman bound to succeed wherever she is placed and whatever handicap she is given. Having acknowledged Miss Hepburn's drive in this, I would like to see and to hear her in some different stage part. The fact that you can act the north wind does not make you necessarily a major stage actress; but Miss Hepburn's quiet scenes show that, for all her mannerisms and her false emphases, she will probably be a redoubtable player in most things she attempts. Although the evening is all Hepburn, we can record at least that Shaw's comedy, though one of the minors, has still some impetus, and that it is presented serviceably. Robert Helpmann, as happy as anyone, is the unfortunate Egyptian doctor who, so we must suppose, has to spend the rest of his life in considering the charms of Epifania's sledgehammer pulse. (Personally, I would rather live with a pneumatic drill.) And Meriel Forbes acts charmingly and simply a woman who gets her way by doing nothing.

THE MILLIONAIRESS. Katharine Hepburn as Epifania, with Robert Helpmann as the Egyptian doctor.

THE BRIDE OF DENMARK HILL

(Royal Court Theatre Club)

THIS is one of the most famous theatres in the history of the stage since 1900. It was here that Granville Barker and Vedrenne sponsored the Thousand Performances, the season that brought Shaw to the zenith; here, in the 'twenties, Barry Jackson staged *Back to Methuselah*. The Court, later a cinema and damaged in the war, is reclaimed now for the stage. When it opened, in crimson and gold, on a simmering July night, one felt (though prophecy is unwise) that the Court was back to last, no theatre-club mushroom.

The first play is an American treatment of the unhappy marriage of John Ruskin and Effie Gray, and Effie's departure to John Everett Millais. I did not go with any confidence—the story, for stage purposes, had seemed to me intractable—and the first act, slow and difficult, confirmed my fears. But by the end of the evening I had taken much back. Whether or not the piece is fair to Ruskin we can never know. The matter is one for partisans, and it seems clear enough that this tale of the annulment (told from the point of view of Effie Gray) is based on Sir William James's *The Order of Release*. The main thing is that it makes, for two-thirds of the evening, a good acting play. It engages our sympathy. It excites. John Everett Millais, rescuing Effie from Denmark Hill, reminds us of Robert Browning rescuing Elizabeth Barrett from Wimpole Street.

Millais must be strongly cast, and the Court is lucky to have Clement McCallin. He rules the theatre whenever he enters; a performance rich in force and style. The Ruskin is Andrew Osborn. He does not waver in his task of presenting a frigid prig (and something more) who is at the same time a perceptive and generous art critic. Mr. Osborn, who has had some bad luck (I remember his grapple with the part of Offenbach in an absurd musical play), now shows what he can do. Barbara Murray's Effie is properly appealing, and there are useful studies of Ruskin's deplorable parents. This portrait-play is a laudable gift from America: we have to thank for it Lawrence Williams and Nell O'Day.

Epifania haranguing Alastair Fitzfassenden, played by Peter Dyneley, and Patricia Smith (Meriel Forbes). Poor Alastair has the precarious position of first husband to the Lady.

Cyril Ritchard, as Adrian Blenderbland, comes in for plenty of Miss Hepburn's Shavian wrath for calling her father a bore.

Present and Future

WE shall look forward to finding the name of Dodie Smith on a theatre programme after so many years. Remarkably, her new comedy, *Letter From Paris* (which begins on August 11 in Brighton) is an adaptation of the Henry James novel, *The Reverberators*, set in Paris during the late 1880's. Peter Glenville who, after *The Innocents*, must be used to James, is producing; there are sets by Oliver Messel, and Brenda Bruce has a leading part. This is the first Dodie Smith since the 373 performances of *Dear Octopus* before the war.

STARS IN EDINBURGH

The casting of the principal Edinburgh Festival plays promises well. In *The River Line*, by Charles Morgan, during the first week, Paul Scofield appears as the young American, Philip Sturgess; and with him are Pamela Brown, Virginia McKenna and Michael Goodliffe. The company for Christopher Hassall's new verse play about Perkin Warbeck, *The Player King* (which Henry Sherek presents between August 26 and September 6), is headed by Cathleen Nesbitt, Heather Stannard and Tony Britton. Norman Marshall produces, and the action takes place in Burgundy, England and Scotland.

STATE BUSINESS

It is a pity that, as arranged at present, the London opening of Louis Verneuil's *Affairs of State* will clash with the first week of the Edinburgh Festival. Emile Littler, who bought the play when he was in America last year, held up its English presentation until he could get the actors he wished. Now he announces that the play will begin a short tour at Brighton on July 28, and open in London, at the Cambridge Theatre, on August 21, with Joyce Redman, Hugh Williams, Coral Browne, Wilfrid Hyde White, and Basil Radford. The producer is Roy Rich, and Michael Weight has designed the sets.

CLEMENTS-HAMMOND

John Clements and Kay Hammond are to appear in *The Happy Marriage*, a farcical comedy which Mr. Clements has based on Jean Bernard Luc's *Le Complexe de Philemon*. Michael Shepley (who has been succeeded by Reginald Tate in *After My Fashion*), Frances Rowe, Charles Lloyd Pack, Victor Adams and Joan Harben are also in the company; they will play in sets by Laurence Irving. The London première is on August 8, under the management of Mr. Clements himself and Lord Vivian.

GETTING AROUND

Next Monday (July 21) the Birmingham Repertory Company comes to the Old Vic for a two-weeks season in its fine production of Shakespeare's *King Henry the Sixth: Part Three*, directed by Douglas Seale. . . . During the autumn Peter Glenville is to produce *The Living Room*, a new play by Graham Greene that concerns a Roman Catholic priest's conflict with his niece over the question of marriage. . . . Robertson Hare and Ralph Lynn will act in London this autumn in Ben Travers's new farce, *Wild Horses*. . . . The next play at the Royal Court will be Frank Baker's *Miss Hargreaves*, with Margaret Rutherford. . . . One of the features of the next Birmingham Repertory season will be Sir Barry Jackson's translation of P. A. Bréal's French comedy, *Emmy*, which has been described as a mixture of *Arsenic and Old Lace* and *The Farmer's Wife*.

THE SEASON

Mrs. James Durran and Mrs. Kirw
recently gave a dance at 41, Gle
Place, for their daughters, t
Misses Johanna Durran and Je
nifer Kirwan. Tommy Kinsman
band played, and there w
delicious champagne all the evenin
Among people who brought parti
were Lady Mary Stuart Walker, t
Marquess of Bute's sister ; La
Mary Baillie-Hamilton, daughter

By "THE SKETCH" special photogra

The beginning of the party : *l. to r.*, Miss Johanna Durran, Miss Jennifer Kirwan, Mrs. Kirwan and Mrs. James Durran receiving the Hon. Sally Ann Vivian.

Looking down from the gallery, *l. to r.*, Mr. John Fox, Miss Shelagh Ross-Skinner, Miss Marilyn Reynolds and Miss Diana Nicholl.

Floor-space was limited at 41, Glebe Place, which is the premises of the O Patio Club, got up like a corner of old Spain or Portugal and run by Mrs. Rosalind Fox, who occasionally lets it for private parties.

Mrs. St. John Evers, the portrait painter, having some champagne at the bar with her husband, Mr. St. John Evers.

SWINGS ON

the Earl and Countess of Haddington; and Lady Margaret D'Arcy, a daughter of the 13th Earl of Kinnoull. Among the many débutantes were Miss Caroline Sale, Miss Letitia Baker-Wilbraham and Miss Shelagh O'Brien; among the young men were Mr. Nigel Livingstone-Learmonth, Mr. Antony Tennant and Mr. Christopher Talbot.

Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

Talking in front of the fireplace, *l. to r.*, the Hon. Julia Blunt-Mackenzie, Miss Sharon Cazalet, Miss Davina Merry, the Hon. Julian Chetwynd and Mr. Christopher Snow.

Between dances, *l. to r.*, Lord Monk Bretton, Miss Veronica Stourton, Mr. John Robb and Miss Patricia O'Brien.

... was at a premium on this summer night. Grouped round the window are, *l. to r.*, Miss Gillian Grant, Miss Diana Nicholl, Mr. Tim Odham and Mr. David Patrick.

Sitting in a corner: Miss Blakeston Euston with Miss Ione Stuart Walker.

Looking on are Major-General and Mrs. Jocelyn Pollock. Mrs. Pollock is a sister of Miss Kirwan's father.

In the small hours, *l. to r.*, Miss Maureen de Lyle-Purdy, Mr. Montague Joyston-Bechal, Mrs. Curtis-Bennett and Mr. Jacques Ponteau.

CONNAUGHT TROPHY

The Brancaster Staithe Sailing Club and Wells Sailin
Brancaster to race for the Connaught Trophy, Shar
Quina in *Southern Cross*, entered by the Federaca
Norfolk, with splendid sailing space at the mouth
excellent sailing for the Trophy. Our photographs w
but, luckily, fine in Norfolk. On the evening of this
the Commodore of the Brancaster Staithe Sailing Clu
Ki

Specially photographed for

The Portuguese brothers, José and Antonio Quina, who won the Connaught Trophy in *Southern Cross*, with Antonio's twin, Francisco. There was only one other entry from abroad in the race.

Just after the start. There were twenty-nine entries for
July 3. There were practice races on the first three days an
when the weather was so unfavourable

Officials carefully checking over points gained by competitors in the race are: Captain d'Andrimont (on the floor); Mrs. Hicks, Mr. Fox and Colonel Beevor, who was Officer of the Day.

With a lucky horseshoe in the foreground are Sir Heneage and Lady Ogilvie and Mr. F. Muir. Sir Heneage, of the Royal Corinthian Y.C., entered *Maid of Athens* in the race.

Mr. Southerland and Mr. Lingwood, both members of the B.S.S.C.; the former is a builder of many Sharpies locally.

With a b
Mrs. Bort

ETING AT BRANCASTER

ad a five-day meeting from June 30 until July 4 at which was won for Portugal by José and Antonio uera de Vela. Brancaster is high on the hump of Wash, and there were plenty of entries and some n on the fourth day, when it was raining in London day of the meeting, a splendid party was given by H. S. N. Adams, and Mrs. Adams, at Brancaster Hall, n.

TCH" by Houston Rogers.

nnaught Trophy, which was competed for on the fourth day, rancaster Staithe Sailing Club Challenge Cup race on the fifth, he course was reduced to one round.

nd of sailing pictures are, *l. to r.*, Mrs. Ashley-Brereton, Mrs. Arthur Doman, Mr. Doman, Mr. F. W. West and Mr. I. Borthwick.

At the party given by Mr. H. S. N. Adams, Commodore of the B.S.S.C., and Mrs. Adams, at Brancaster Hall, is a group of guests, all of whom are members of the Wells S.C.

Mrs. H. S. N. Adams cooking *poulet à la broche* at her party. *L. to r.*, Miss Beevor, Mr. R. F. Lunau, a visitor and competitor from Germany, Miss Patricia Adams, Sir Heneage Ogilvie, the hostess and Mr. Peter Goddard.

Enjoying the evening, *l. to r.*, Francisco Quina, Mrs. H. S. N. Adams, Mr. Adams, José Quina (on floor), Miss Patricia Adams, Mlle. M. Richepin and Antonio Quina.

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SPORTING BACKGROUND

By Louis T. Stanley

Wimbledon Reflections

I AM not going to describe in detail the closing stages of Wimbledon. The intense heat, perspiring crowds, and almost tedious advance of the "seeds" killed the element of surprise and left a feeling of anti-climax. I deserted the lawns after Frank Sedgman had won the singles title. The cool delights of Henley reaches and Phyllis Court held precedence on the last Saturday. It may be that the heat induced a jaundiced view, but now that the tennis "amateurs" have continued their light-hearted pilgrimage to courts scattered over Europe, Asia and America, we can look back and pass considered judgment.

It was not an outstanding Wimbledon. There was none of the pulsating drama of previous years. Without in any way criticising modern top-liners, not one touched the heights reached in the phenomenal match between Tilden and Cochet, nor did we see anything approaching the sheer grace and perfection of movement that once was Suzanne Lenglen. I marvelled at the youthful poise of several youngsters, yet they fell short of the unbounded self-confidence that held Fred Perry. I was an admirer of Perry. It was good to see him back this year looking so fit, bronzed and ageless. He was a Centre Court personality, although I would not rank him a great player. He lacked the *élan* of Cochet. Perry made the grade by sheer determination, confidence and rugged outlook. Think of Rene Lacoste with his technically perfect backhand, a stroke that would shame many seen on the Centre Court during the last week. Then there was the colourful figure of Jean Borotra, brimming over with sheer zest for living. Win or lose, Borotra packed the stands.

We have had American monopoly of the women's events for a considerable time. Some would have us believe that the post-war standard has never been bettered. I disagree. Apart from Lenglen, think of Helen Wills Moody, who was almost too shy to be an American. Poker-faced without a trace of emotion, she would eliminate opponents and then go serenely on her way. It may have been a pose, but it was backed with remarkable skill. Glance down the list of past winners. Her name is engraved against 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1932, 1933, 1935 and 1938. There are many other great players, but those I have mentioned will remind older readers of days when success on the courts meant far more than a powerful service and a useful net game.

The redeeming feature of this year's Wimbledon was the emphasis on youth. Hoad and Rosewall were outstanding, but Maureen Connolly is unique. I know that Lottie Dod won the singles title at the age of fifteen, but that was way back in 1887. Without in any sense belittling Lottie Dod's feat—and I understand that the lady was present on the last day re-enacting at the age of seventy-eight her former triumph—I do not place it in the same class. Young Tom Morris dominated the world of golf in the last century, but I doubt whether he would live long against Bobby Locke or Ben Hogan. Female tennis of the 'eighties was a different game. Long after I have forgotten Miss Connolly's individual strokes, I shall remember with pleasure the youthful exuberance of her approach to the business of winning. Seldom have I seen such a brisk, meaningful prance as she careered with tossing head up and down the court. Her trotting action at times would have done credit to the International Horse Show. It was a pleasant introduction to what looks like being a long acquaintanceship.

A final word of criticism. Why should top-ranking tennis players indulge in fatuous exhibitions of temperament. Flinging rackets across the court, biting a ball in annoyance, being offensive to opponents, and generally acting like a retarded adolescent does nothing for the prestige of the individual or the game itself. Other sports are capable of disciplining such outbursts. I see no reason why officialdom at Wimbledon, which is so strict on the majority of points, should not instruct a few players in the rudiments of elementary etiquette of the courts.

Henley

TO describe Henley in a few words is almost impossible. It is a river carnival against an olive-green setting, the gaiety of a Parisian mirage stealing the waters of the Thames. Generally speaking, unless one is a moon-struck undergraduate intoxicated with May Week madness, a punt is hardly an object of beauty. Yet, once a year at Henley, punts lose their wooden nakedness. Men discard the dull shades of the City and emerge in a remarkable range of multi-coloured stripes, each one an adequate reason for being present. I am no connoisseur of feminine fashions. I can tell when a woman is upholstered rather than dressed, and am content to leave it at that, but everything is different at Henley. Women become feminine in waves of fluttering silk. Even the poplars rise in mock astonishment.

But there is more to Henley than social chatter. This year the racing reached a fresh peak of brilliance. So many incidents and events might be described, but one looms high above the others . . . the Grand Challenge Cup won in the fastest time ever recorded in the history of the regatta—6 mins. 38 secs. Bare statistics fail to do justice to the achievement. It cannot convey the tense excitement as the two eights—Leander and Sydney, the Australian Olympic crew—swept along, oars hissing through the water like living creatures. It was anybody's race. At the three-quarter mile Leander were only a half-length in front. The mile post saw the advantage shrink to one-third. At the 1½-mile post the difference was only a canvas. It was then that Jennens timed his last effort to perfection. A superhuman urge saw the pink blades snatch victory and the record by half-a-length. I have seen many Cambridge strokes of distinction. Of the post-war vintage Chris Barton ranks as one of the finest, but for polished perfection I would select Jennens. His personality and experience add greatly to our chances in Helsinki.

There is a lesser-known side to Henley, a side that has little time to enjoy the jumble of punts, strawberries, Old Blues who refuse to die, and pretty faces from Ascot. The financial problem must be a headache for someone. The cost of Henley this year was in the region of £20,000. The figure is amassed from a variety of items. For instance, nearly £3,000 is spent on piling and booming the course, roughly £7,500 on erecting and dismantling the stands and tents, more than £2,000 for wages and administrative charges, over £700 for floral decorations, and so on. It is not all expenditure. Subscriptions and visitors' badges produce a healthy income. Last year's total revenue for four-day admission to the Steward's Enclosure netted more than £6,000, whilst visitors' badges came to £5,756. I am not surprised that the car park showed just under £2000. I made a substantial, if grudging, contribution to this year's total. Be that as it may. Let us offer a couple of aspirins to the backroom boys of Henley, the Senior Wranglers of the Thames.

Newmarket Sales

NEWMARKET Sales became the Christie's of the world of sport when eighty of the late Mr. J. V. Rank's racehorses were sold to meet death duties. The setting was distinctive and familiar. Tattersall's has no pretensions to comfort. The seats are hard. The straw-carpeted ring is exposed to every whim of weather. Those who attend are shrewd and knowledgeable. Thoroughbred racehorses are subjected to critical scrutiny. Catalogues are consulted as details are noted . . . deep chest . . . broad forehead . . . strong loins . . . aristocratic stride. Occasionally it seemed as if the horse's ear picked up the bid as the delicate fold of velvet twitched. Locating the whereabouts of bidders is almost impossible. A wink, the bend of a finger, a look, and the price soars. Aly Khan, in open-necked shirt and corduroys, was easily noted as he secured *Appealing*, a chestnut mare by *Hyperion*, out of *Krisa*, for 4300 guineas. The top price of the sale was 8900 guineas paid by Mr. B. A. Abbott for *Daring Miss*, the dam of the Derby second, *Gay Time*, with her colt foal by *Kingstone*. And so it went on . . . the auctioneer intoning until he had coaxed 154,270 guineas from those present. I was told that Mrs. Rank was disappointed at the prices. Perhaps they were low, but, in these days, an average of 500 guineas a minute seems fairly steady business to me.

Three Bouquets . . .

THE first to Gene Sarazen, who at the age of fifty returned a brace of 69's in the qualifying rounds of the Open Championship at Lytham. He still possesses the same infectious grin that was once likened to the Cheshire Cat. It is an integral part of this likeable American and lingers in the air after he has gone.

The second goes to David Sheppard for his masterly innings of 127 in the Varsity Match; not only that, but his tactics on the last day have left plenty of scope for friendly discussion. Year after year Cambridge produces what looks like a winning side on paper, yet only once in seven seasons has the promise matured.

And the third goes to the cricket lovers of Sussex, who turned out in full force to help their county club now reclining at the bottom of the Championship Table, by supporting the annual fixture with the Duke of Norfolk's XI. in the lovely grounds of Arundel Park. And the spectators had their money's worth—422 runs (17 of them from the Duke himself) and 17 wickets in one day; the county side just scraping home by 22 runs, ten minutes inside time.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

Left:

THIS NAVAL CAPTAIN: For a subtle suggestion as to the re-habiliment of Rear Admirals.

At least one Bisley competitor found that gold oak leaves and a peak got in his way, and neatly solved the problem by reversing them from his sights.

Right:

JAMES GOVETT: For combining the pleasures of painting with the mobility of motor-cycling.

Artist from "down under," James Govett, of Melbourne, here sits astride his motor-cycle finishing a picture of Horse Guards Parade. He has been touring Europe, painting while he pauses, and hopes to hold a one-man show when he returns to Australia later this year.

Right:

RICHARD EURICH'S MODEL: For refusing to be distracted by other accessories when engaged in the important business of choosing a hat.

This amusing picture by Richard Eurich is one of a series of paintings in oil on small panels recently on exhibition at the Redfern Galleries.

Members of the Charm School for the R.A.F. of the future, group themselves merrily on the stairs; operation social is about to begin, with no limit to the music, champagne and fun in general.

In the supper marquee, *l. to r.*, Mrs. A. W. Culmer, Mr. F. S. Styles, Mrs. D. Allen, Flt.-Lieut. Allen, Flt.-Lieut. A. W. Culmer, Mrs. F. T. Dent, Flt.-Lieut. Cadman, Mrs. P. Cadman, Flt.-Lieut. J. C. Fell, Mrs. F. S. Styles, Flt.-Lieut. F. T. Dent and Mrs. Joyce Fell.

Miss Jill Sharkey, airborne on the propeller of one of our famous 'planes, threatens the Universe with our new faster-than-sound flying. Carrying her are Mr. Nigel Heath, Mr. Tony Southgate, Mr. Brian Eales and Mr. Keith Richards.

Diploma Day at the College of Aeronautics

At the Principal's table in the supper marquee, *l. to r.*, Mrs. Tudor Owen, Sir Victor Goddard, the Principal; the Hon. Mrs. T. Morgan-Grenville, Mrs. Myles, Commodore Sir "Bonzo" Franks, Mrs. Pelham Reid, Air Vice-Marshal F. W. Long and Mrs. J. G. Franks.

Christmassy decorations were rife: under some gay paper garlands were, *l. to r.*, Major Pelham-Reid, Lady Goddard, the Principal's wife; Dr. and Mrs. Myles.

Toasting the winner of the Governor's prize, Squad.-Leader P. C. Cleaver: *l. to r.*, Mrs. L. S. Snaith, Group-Captain L. S. Snaith, Mrs. P. C. Cleaver; the winner himself; Miss Pamela Rogers, Mr. C. B. Bailey-Watson and Lieut. (E) J. A. Beadon.

All set on arrival: *l. to r.*, Lieut. (E) Michael Hall, Miss Hazel Thomas, Lieut. (E) Peter Rippon and Mrs. Peter Rippon; palms and other plants start a guard of honour on the left.

…elborne ; but not prosaically. Some of the guests arriving in an old French taxi run by the students' society are, *on roof*, Miss Pat Dickerson and Mr. Alan McLean. *L. to r.*, in taxi, Mr. Brian Eales, driving, Mr. Robert Wallin, Chairman of the Ball Committee, holding Miss Pat Tappin ; getting out of taxi, *l. to r.*, Mrs. C. E. Wallin, Mrs. A. Eales, Miss Marian Wheatley and Mr. James Wallin.

A party which celebrates something definite always has a rather special atmosphere, and the Presentation Ball, given by the Students' Society of the College of Aeronautics this July, was on the same day as the Ceremony of Presentation of Diplomas. Everyone was therefore in very good form, congratulating and congratulated, while they danced from nine until four, with a running buffet, at Lanchester Hall, Cranfield, Bucks.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

L. to r., Professor W. S. Hemp, Mrs. W. S. Hemp, Mrs. G. N. Ward and Professor G. N. Ward.

L. to r., Mrs. M. Palmer, Mr. J. Palmer, Miss Betty Bradley and Mr. N. Palmer, all merry and bright.

Story-telling—and hearing—in a congenial atmosphere are, *l. to r.*, Cdr. Munsiff, of the Indian Navy ; Mrs. Munsiff, Professor A. D. Young, Mrs. J. Palmer, and Cdr. and Mrs. Kapadia.

L. to r., in front, Miss Elsa Ireland, Miss Joan Cooper, Mrs. J. H. Renshaw and Miss J. A. Wilson. Behind, Mr. S. M. Wilson, Mr. A. T. Binding and Mr. J. H. Renshaw.

Soup for the road at 3.30 a.m. : *l. to r.*, Lieut. (E) C. R. Fletcher, Royal Australian Navy ; Mrs. C. R. Fletcher, Mrs. J. B. Dowsing and Flt.-Lieut. J. B. Dowsing.

As Menenius in *Coriolanus*.

Michael Hordern as himself.

"ONE MAN IN HIS TIME PLAYS MANY PARTS . . ."

. . . but not many can have played a quartet of contrasts with the consistent brilliance of Michael Hordern in his first Shakespeare season at Stratford-upon-Avon. London has seen him rarely in Shakespeare ; at Stratford he cannot be seen too often. To many actors, the gap between the ageing, patrician elegance of Menenius and the slobbering convulsions of Caliban would be unbridgeable ; Hordern takes it in his stride, and passes on to an exquisite examination of the anatomy of melancholy in the self-conscious musings of Jaques. To these outstanding creations he added last night a cunningly-conceived Sir Politick Would-Be at the opening performance of Ben Jonson's roystering Jacobean comedy of humours, *Volpone*, thus completing a quartet that will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to have seen this year's programme at the Memorial Theatre.

As Sir Politick Would-Be in *Volpone*.

As Jaques in *As You Like It*.

As Caliban in *The Tempest*.

BY COMET TO MAKE A ROMAN HOLIDAY

Miss Margaret Rawlings recently flew to Rome by Comet in two hours and ten minutes, to play a part in *Roman Holiday*, being made there by Paramount, William Wyler directing. She has also been appearing lately in Television, one of her performances being in *Black Limelight*, the play she made famous before the war. This portrait is by Pietro Annigoni, some of whose work is to be seen in Thomas Agnew and Sons' current exhibition.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

ABOUT *The Importance of Being Earnest* I must start with a confession. I went to see it with a marked lack of enthusiasm. In fact, had it not been in the line of duty, I doubt if I should have gone to see it at all—whereby I should have lost a vast amount of pleasure.

The trouble with the Wilde play is that repeated performance by amateurs, as well as by professionals, has made it over-familiar. I can hardly count the number of times I have seen it done, at boys' schools and at girls' schools, by local dramatic companies, and in parish halls. I should doubt if there is a play-reading group in the country that has not tackled it at some time or other, nor a producer who has not racked his brains wondering how to make a full evening's entertainment of this slender work, and get the last ounce of fun out of the lines, while cunningly concealing the lack of action.

We know where the dialogue is going to scintillate, and where it is almost sure to sag. We anticipate the jokes about the handbag, and can mouth along with the actors the preliminaries to such classic exchanges as the one between Jack and Dr. Chasuble about the death of the black sheep, Ernest.

CHASUBLE: *Will the interment take place here?*

JACK: *No. He seems to have expressed a desire to be buried in Paris.*

CHASUBLE: *In Paris? I fear that hardly points to any very serious state of mind at the last.*

We know too much about *The Importance of Being Earnest*, that is the trouble. I sincerely hope that the film version won't suffer in consequence. For Anthony Asquith and his team of experts have performed a miracle. Their affection, taste, skill and integrity have struck out of the old material a production as sparkling as a fresh morning in spring.

I suppose a more distinguished company of players has seldom been gathered for a British picture. The cast is small, but it is perfect. Michael Redgrave and Michael Denison—sharply individualised, yet playing with the utmost smoothness as a team—appear as Jack and Algy: Joan Greenwood and Dorothy Tutin are beautifully matched as the town-bred Gwendoline and the country cousin, Cecily; Miles Malleson as Dr. Chasuble and Margaret Rutherford as Miss Prism boldly block in the background parts; and towering, booming over all, is Dame Edith Evans as the indomitable dreadnought Lady Bracknell; a creation that made this spectator, at least, want to stand up and cheer.

It has been Anthony Asquith's fancy to present his film within the framework of a proscenium arch, as though it were a performance witnessed in a theatre. It seems to me a shrewd device, cutting the ground from under the feet of people who claim that "The Importance" hasn't the freedom of "pure cinema." If Mr. Asquith had chosen to take his film all over the place, ignoring Wilde's innate theatrical pose, he could undoubtedly have done so, and done so successfully. But Mr. Asquith is a director of many styles, and it is hard to believe that he has not chosen this particular style for this particular subject after long and deliberate calculation.

To my mind his *The Importance of Being Earnest* is brilliant. I will not compromise with lesser praise. It manages to be formal without being stiff. It is quaintly in period, but never extravagantly. The sets and accessories, helped by discreet Technicolor, are in the best of taste; the costumes elegant, what the boys and girls of the fashion world call "amusing," without ever appearing freakish. This is a film that seems likely to add lustre to the British cinema both here and abroad. It should do our reputation a world of good—and I use the phrase deliberately.

IT is the done thing nowadays to profess a tremendous admiration for Japanese films—which really means the films of Akira Kurosawa, since his *Rashomon* and *Tora-No-O* are the only Japanese works so far publicly shown in this country. This is an attitude which I cannot fully share, for it seems to me an act of folly or affectation in a critic to praise fulsomely what he cannot evaluate. I, at any rate, have no standards of comparison by which to judge whether these strangely-mannered, wild and whirling films are of a high order, even among the products of their own land. There is a great deal in them I don't understand. I can only say that they have for me the stimulus of novelty, and that even when bewildered I rather like to watch them.

Tora-No-O, which is translated as "Walkers on Tigers' Tails," is a gentler and presumably less subtle picture than its predecessor. (At all events, the story, such as it is, seems clear.) It relates a Japanese legend of the twelfth century. A young nobleman, in danger of arrest from his vindictive elder brother, essays to flee the territory, with six followers disguised as Buddhist priests. At the barrier they are stopped and questioned and, even when the nobleman hides himself under the huge sedge hat of a porter, their identity becomes known. The commander of the barrier, however, is sympathetic towards them, and not only lets them pass to safety, but sends them on their way rejoicing with an immense present of wine.

The film progresses in a series, as it were, of *tableaux vivants*, formally arranged and often very pleasing to the eye, and provides an oddly mimed commentary by the genuine porter, who grimaces and tumbles like an early Elizabethan clown. Comic criticism of a more elect order is supplied by the giant Bengei, chief of the nobleman's followers, who would appear to parody the character he has assumed less with his face than with the modulations of his voice. That, at least, is my impression; but as I say, I can only guess. The sub-titles in *Tora-No-O* are not of maximum help, being largely printed in white italics on light backgrounds, and in any case sketchy.

THERE is a lot to remind one of *Mädchen in Uniform* in the French film *Olivia*, which is based on a delicate little book of the same name by an anonymous English writer, and describes the experiences and emotions of an English girl in a French boarding-school at the beginning of the century.

Olivia deals with a tricky subject—the attraction of women for women—and there are situations in the film that cannot be called *nice*, to put it mildly. Yet the woman director, Jacqueline Audry, and a brilliant cast, headed by Edwige Feuillère and Simone Simon as the joint headmistresses whose affection has come to grief, and Marie-Claire Olivia as the innocent heroine, manage a difficult theme with a great deal of skill, and the settings are unusually charming and gracious. Picture after picture delights the eye; the elegant house set in a rolling parkland; merry little girls, arms linked, running helter-skelter through the grounds and down the great staircase; a St. Bernard dog bounding; candles lit in the hall and autumn bonfires burning. *Olivia* has great atmosphere, and a quality of softening the harsher outlines of its story, as though they were seen through the mists of memory.

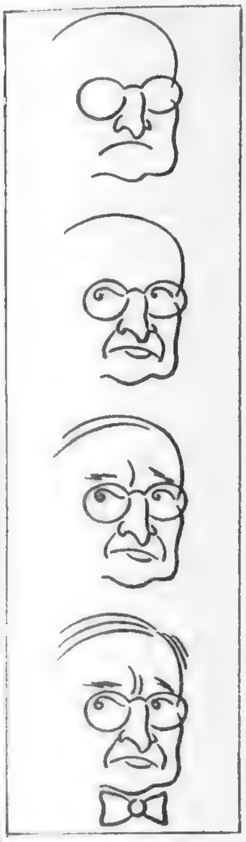
I'M afraid I can't be enthusiastic over *Carrie*, for which Sir Laurence Olivier made the long journey to Hollywood, to appear opposite Jennifer Jones under William Wyler's direction. This sordid, cheerless story deals with a Missouri farm-girl who comes to the big city, is kept by two men, a bouncing commercial traveller and a cultured, middle-aged restaurateur, and outgrows both of them. Miss Jones goes up and up; Sir Laurence, as the restaurateur, goes down and down, ending as a bum, a beggar and presumably a suicide. The thing is derived pretty faithfully from an early novel by Theodore Dreiser, of whose prose G. K. Chesterton once wrote that "it comes along in waggons by the mile."

OLIVIA. A fancy-dress ball gives the students a chance to show their individuality. Mlle. Julie opens the ball by dancing with Mlle. Clara.

TORA-NO-O. A twelfth-century Japanese nobleman, in danger of arrest from his elder brother, flees the territory with six followers. They are stopped at the barrier.

THE ART OF OSCAR BERGER

In his latest book, which is very aptly titled *My Victims* (Harper & Brothers, New York), world-famous caricaturist Oscar Berger explains and demonstrates the art of drawing caricatures.



Four stages in the caricature of President Truman.

The President signed this true-to-life caricature. He is the fourth American President to be sketched by Berger.

President Truman sits for Oscar Berger at his desk at the White House. The elongation of his nose adds greatly to the intensity of his profile.

Still wearing her stage make-up, Vivien Leigh poses back-stage.

Full use of Vivien Leigh's pointed chin and upturned nose make for this piquant study.

The caricature of Sir Laurence, which shows that he had every justification for looking pensive.

Possibly anticipating the result, Sir Laurence Olivier looks rather pensive as he gave this sitting. What would *this* artist see in him?

OUR BOOKSHELF

THE SHADOW OF A DREAM. By Charlotte Haldane. (*Weidenfeld and Nicolson ; 12s. 6d.*)
INSURRECTION IN POSHANSK. By Robert Neumann. (*Hutchinson ; 12s. 6d.*)
YOUNG MAN ON A DOLPHIN. By Anthony Thorne. (*Heinemann ; 12s. 6d.*)
STREETS OF ASKELON. By Don Tracy. (*Constable ; 12s. 6d.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

A NEW novel by Miss Charlotte Haldane, *The Shadow of a Dream*, has first of all the minor but very welcome attractiveness of a surprise packet, reminding one consolingly that within the horribly modern publishing conditions, inside the rows of picture wrappers, so original in intention yet finally so stereotyped, there may be astonishing variations in technique, period, purpose, indeed in the very definitions of fiction. Who, for instance, would anticipate that this clever writer, who has written a biography of Proust, would produce a novel in the Victorian manner, as full-bodied and stately as a story by George Eliot? She achieves this on a theme of great contemporary interest, and sets it all in Edwardian England. It sounds experimental; it is, in fact, so confidently and competently done that one is carried along with a sense of complete security.

It is the story of Juliet Lestrange, the clairvoyante "with a name like a nineteenth-century cocotte," who did nothing to cultivate the gift of second sight which she had inherited from her Cornish mother, but found so many people eager to exploit it, and so many irresistible calls made upon it, that she became involved in the tragedies of others and eventually in a prosecution which might have been sordid and cruel had it not been for her integrity. It is her love-story, too, with some idyllic scenes and a last-minute happy ending. It has several full-length portraits successfully painted—Freddy d'Arnell Drake, the indigent, irresponsible owner of a great house and name, Mr. and Mrs. Bendit, his comfortable old servants, the somewhat sinister and entirely credible Isabel Scroope, and a whole gallery more. It is an exciting story and, in the most literal sense of an overworked word, a romantic one. As a period piece it is satisfactory, yet it could not have been written by anyone except a modern. I should like to recommend it at the top of my voice.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE, slick, assured and brilliantly successful is Mr. Robert Neumann's satire, *Insurrection in Poshansk*. Satire? How can we tell whether a story like this of events in a slave town in the Soviet Arctic Zone is satire far-fetched to the point of nightmare or stark photography? It is perhaps Mr. Neumann's intention to leave his reader in anxious doubt; he may even be in no better case himself, since so few human beings have seen such a town and lived to describe it. Personally, I would sleep sounder at night if I could feel sure that his picture is one of mere fantasy. Yet from the moment in which we struggle down the slippery slope which will one day become the People's Terrace Garden of Rest and Culture, to the railway station, that low, wooden cabin which will be built of stone under the next Five Year Plan; from our first meeting with such characters as Assistant Elementary Teacher Tamara Varbarova, Sub-District Commissioner Attona, or Citizeness Borodina, who was "good-looking in a depressing way, like a marble angel with hammer and sickle produced by the stonemasons' co-operative," we are overcome by a sickening feeling that this may all be true. Mr. Neumann is scarcely more merciful with American civilisation, as revealed in the character of Mr. Walter M. Watkins, a lend-lease official with a message of goodwill from the President. Moreover, he is not merely a satirist, but tells a strong story which is cruel and sad as well as painfully funny. In a word, he has written a very good book, disturbing and angry, but readable too. It leaves the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of contemporary slavery still unwritten, but it should still prod the conscience and self-respect of our time.

NOT nearly so funny as it should have been, Mr. Anthony Thorne's *Young Man on a Dolphin* tells one of those picaresque, risqué stories which must be done with infinite delicacy and effervescence if they are to escape bathos and bad taste. William Burnett, the editor of a literary quarterly and a translator of foreign poetry, goes to a Congress of the Lamp Club in Venice. We see the city again through his tired, amorous, modern eyes, and meet the delegates, including the usual literary rout whose names spatter these pages. W. H. Auden, Cyril Connolly, Cocteau and T. S. Eliot, producing a strange, mixed effect, as though the Venetian canals ran past the pubs and talking-shops of Bloomsbury. There are portraits of less identifiable writers produced with a knowing wink, like that of Flora, "a middle-aged woman novelist" with flaming red hair, a writer of "innocent simpering nonsense, who contrived nevertheless to be very much a woman of the world in conversation and behaviour. If her large and doting public had had any inkling of what she was really like—she was careful always to be photographed in a cottage garden—they would not merely have dropped her, they would have lynched her." William Burnett goes out on the lagoon for a day's fishing with a naturalistic youth and a business-like Frenchwoman and their ship is driven by a stormy wind on to the island of Pescano. The same wind had carried away the whole male population of the island, who man a small fishing fleet and are accustomed to being thus forcibly and periodically separated from their wives. They are not, however, accustomed to finding on their return that their places have been ably filled by a fair-haired Englishman. When William Burnett gets back to Venice, the Lamp Club Congress has providently dispersed, but there is scope for some snappy cross-talk before the end.

HOW cleverly does Mr. Don Tracy recapture the Prohibition era in America in his new novel, *Streets of Askelon*. Recent enough to be remembered by many of his readers, those days of lavish gambling in stocks and shares, of drunken teen-year-olds in motor-cars, of gang warfare and speakeasies when jazz was jazz and Communism an interesting social experiment being made in a remote European country, return with painful vividness in these pages. The human beings whom Mr. Tracy introduces are not so well-defined. Their stories are told in the episodic manner, a little bit of this one, a little bit of that, until some fall by a wayside and are forgotten and others gain strength to supersede them. It is a somewhat dubious way of presenting a complete picture, especially when there is lack of cohesion and consecutiveness as in this book. We meet Van Blakston, the ambitious man who has grown as rich as his rich wife, Edna his young secretary, and Freddie Kohlweider, her boy friend who, too late, achieves his ambition to go out as a commercial traveller in mattresses and feather pillows. Then Mary-Ellen Gardiner, who lies to everybody and cheats everyone until she is herself caught in a trap when her pretended suicide becomes real. Clark, her husband, becomes a successful boot-legger, but gives it up when his son's school-friends produce fathers in more impeccable professions. Judy Eckley, who has been made to look grotesque by a motor-car smash, discovers plastic surgery. Carter Callowing appears promisingly on his eighteenth birthday, but drops out of the keen race for the author's attention. Bryson Berger is a tragic fool who is being blackmailed by his mother, a dangerous and detestable woman. And so on. It is all very vigorous and lively and shows a crude age at its crudest. But it lacks any real profundity or significance.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

GARLAND OF THORNS.
By Marjorie Stace. (*Werner Laurie ; 12s. 6d.*)

An introduction to the world of the try-out theatre which feeds the better-known West End. Fiona Marshall, straight from school with only her looks and ambition to recommend, experiences in full the assistant stage manager's heart-rending but rewarding tasks.

TOP OF THE BILL.
By Ian Bevan. (*Frederick Muller ; 18s.*)

This is the story of the London Palladium, the most famous variety theatre in the world, of the men who made it so, and of the artists who have crowned their careers on its stage.

MISTER JELLY ROLL.
By Alan Lomax. (*Cassell ; 18s.*)

Mr. Ferdinand (Jelly Roll) Morton claimed to have invented jazz, and whilst this book is primarily concerned with Morton and the development of the jazz idiom, it also makes a notable contribution to the social history of Uptown and Downtown New Orleans in the early 1900's.

HOLIDAY WITH VIOLENCE.
By Edith Pargeter. (*Heinemann ; 12s. 6d.*)

A personally-conducted tour of Venice in the company of four impecunious British youngsters, with a good deal of excitement in the shape of assault and battery, adventure and breathless chases up and down canals, all thrown in.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAN.
By Ray Bradbury. (*Hart-Davis ; 11s. 6d.*)

The Illustrated Man is covered with tattoo pictures—pictures which come to life and move at night to narrate to the beholder sixteen tales. The tattooing was executed by a witch who came from the Future.

FRANZ VON PAPEN MEMOIRS.
Translated by Brian Connell. (*Andre Deutsch ; 25s.*)

The personal record of a man whose career has constantly reflected the fortunes of his country . . . from the traditional pomp of imperialism at the Court of Kaiser Wilhelm II., *via* Allenby's campaign in the Middle East, to his clearance of war-guilt by the Nuremberg Tribunal.

THE VICTORIAN FLOWER GARDEN.
By Geoffrey Taylor. (*Skeffington ; 12s. 6d.*)

Here is the Victorian flower garden and the aims and ideals of those behind it, their use of glasshouses, their bedding-out fashions, their introductions of new species of plants and their experiments in breeding new varieties.

THE NET.
By John Pudney. (*Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.*)

A portrait of the kind of life led by scientists and workers in a modern research establishment and an exploration into the causes which bring about the change in a man's loyalty to his country.

SHELL FISH.
By Nell Heaton. (*Faber and Faber ; 9s. 6d.*)

A book of recipes for shellfish which includes several traditional dishes from Japan, Canada, France and Norway.

MODERN ENGLISH PAINTERS (Sickert to Smith).
By John Rothenstein. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode ; 25s.*)

A general note on this book and a picture from it appeared on page 7 of our issue for July 2.

Our Fashion Portfolio

These hounds, in spite of possessing lovely warm coats of their own, would have every justification for being jealous of an attractive girl wearing cosy "separates" for chilly autumn days. Made in fine worsted rep, the casual skirt by Dereta has two sets of cartridge pleats in the front, and a full flare with a rolled panel at the back. A stiffened belt flatters the waist. In various colours (medium sizes) price £4 9s. 6d. from Peter Robinson, D. H. Evans and Alexander Henderson of Glasgow. Pringle's classic twin-set in softest botany wool has a short-sleeved jumper and long, "button-up-to-the-neck" golfer cardigan. Simpsons of Piccadilly have it in many different colours (£4 9s. 6d.).

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

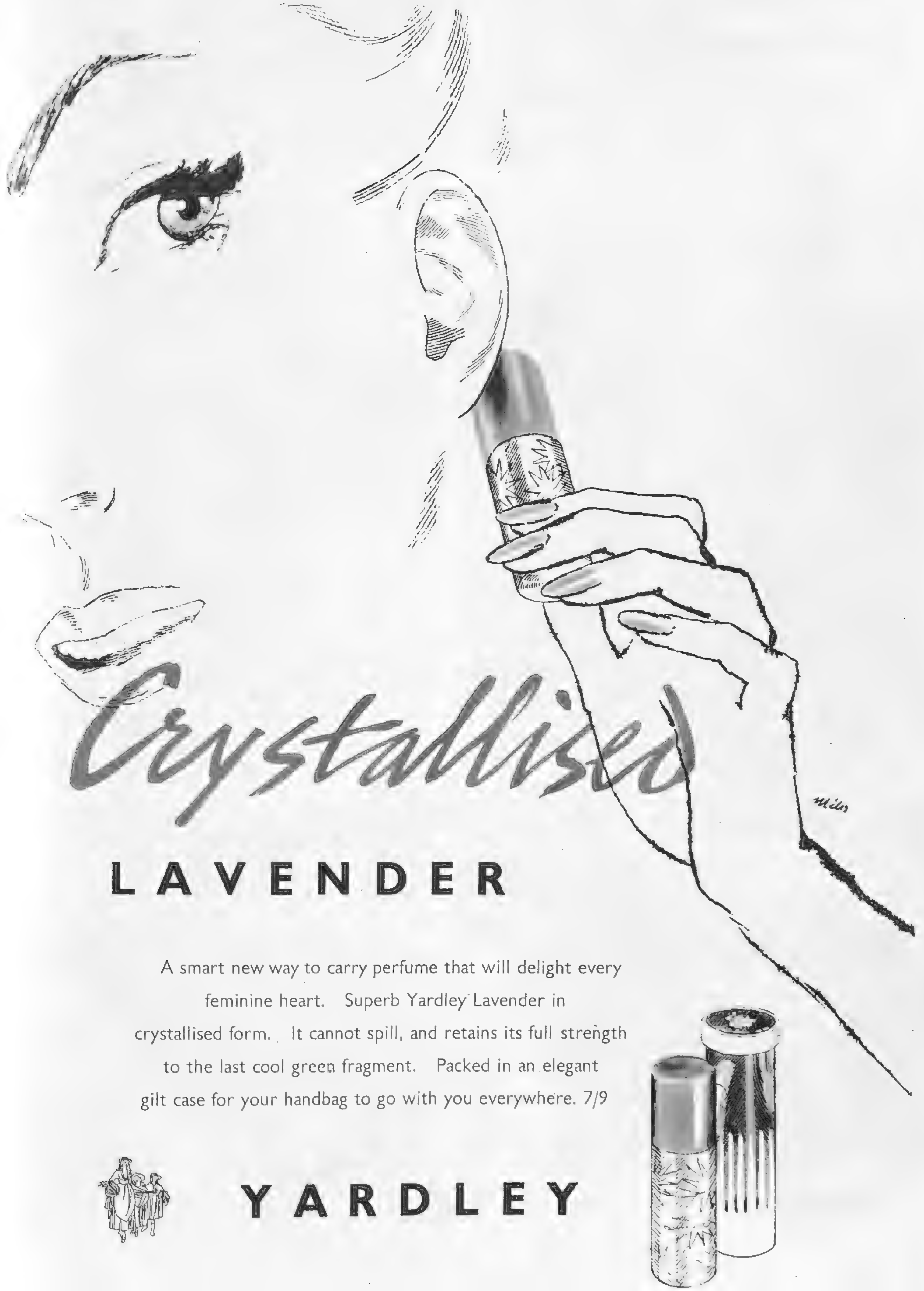
Photographed just before she left the house for her recent wedding, Miss M. E. Morrison wears her magnificent Norman Hartnell gown. Made of yards and yards of regal white duchesse satin, it has a décolleté neckline and long, tight sleeves. Heavy embroidery in diamanté, pearls and crystalline loops of bugle beads patterning the bodice and forming five panels on the skirt make it glitter like a chandelier. From the hipline, wide folds pour out into the long train at the back.

The fascinating "poodle" cloth, which made its début, but was little in evidence, last season, is forecast to be very popular this autumn. Digby Morton designed this suit for Jacqmar with a "poodle" jacket and worsted skirt in a warm caramel colour. The jacket can either be worn loose or wrapped round and belted for extra snugness. Pocket and revers trimmings of worsted are of similar material to the skirt, which is quite straight with an inverted pleat at the back. From Jacqmar, and Alexandrine of Nottingham, price 26 gns. In black, which looks very much like astrakhan, it comes at 28½ gns.

Our Fashion Portfolio (Contd.)

Elegant Economy

Old gold duchesse satin is used by Rembrandt for this delightful cocktail dress, elegant in its gracefulness and simple fluid line. It has rounded shoulders, cuffed three-quarter sleeves, and a subtle draped neckline and bodice. The flowing skirt has an unpressed inverted pleat back and front. Available from September ; also in black, storm-cloud blue, purple, ivy-green and cedar, from Peter Robinsons, Eve Valère, Knightsbridge, and Werff of Birmingham, price 9½ gns.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YARDLEY

TALES WITH A STING

THE INVERNESS CAPE

By Leo Bruce

YOU 'D think I was used to violence, wouldn't you? asked Sergeant Beef, rhetorically, after all the crime and horror I 've seen. But there was one crime of violence, I remember, which shocked me more than any of your sneaking poisoners could do. It happened some years ago now. One old lady was clubbed to death in full view of her crippled sister . . .

I knew the old ladies well; nice kind old parties who would do anyone a good turn. They lived together in a big house overlooking their own park. The only thing that anyone could have against them was that they were rich.

Miss Lucia was the older of the two and must have been over seventy. She was active, though: moved like a young woman and loved her garden, which was kept " just so " by two gardeners and a lad. Miss Agatha was a few years younger and no one had ever seen her out of her invalid chair since the bad hunting accident she had as a young girl. She would be wheeled out on to the terrace on fine days and sit there watching her sister in the garden. They were very fond of one another and very happy.

Then their nephew came to live with them, young Richard Luckery, and I didn't much take to him. It was known that he hadn't any money of his own and he must have had a lot from the old ladies because he spent like a madman. Motor-cars, racing, racketing about—a young devil who cared only for himself.

Perhaps what I didn't like was that he used to dress in the most extraordinary clothes; eccentric, that 's what he looked. And when he started wearing one of those Inverness capes and a deerstalker hat, like Sherlock Holmes, I thought it downright silly.

He had friends to play up to him, though, like anyone else who throws money about. One of these, Cuthbert Mireling, lived right opposite to the old ladies' home, and another, Gilly Ponstock, had rooms at the local pub where Richard Luckery used to drink, sometimes with one of his aunt's gardeners, Albert Giggs.

On a Saturday in June, Miss Lucia said at lunch that she was going to spend the afternoon taking cuttings of pinks and pansies in one of the borders. The gardeners would have gone home and she liked having the garden to herself. In fact, she never missed her Saturday afternoon's gardening.

Miss Agatha asked her nephew to wheel her out on the terrace from which she would be able to watch her sister. This he did, then went up to his own room for a sleep.

At about half-past two, in full blazing sunlight, Miss Agatha was horrified to see a man walk furtively out of the shrubbery with a heavy bar of wood and crash it down on her sister's head. The first blow may have been enough to kill her, but he struck again and again.

Miss Agatha screamed, but it was some minutes before Katie, the only servant then in the house, came running out and a few minutes more before Richard Luckery appeared. He seemed rather dazed, and said afterwards that he had been asleep.

Miss Agatha then did something which shocked and astounded the servant. She turned to Richard in great horror and shouted, " Keep away from me! You killed Lucia! "

Richard protested: he had been upstairs. His aunt was hysterical, he said. He was as shocked as she was. Then he told the servant to telephone for a doctor. The old lady would not be left alone with Richard. It was some time before she became coherent enough to tell the servant exactly what had happened.

By now people began to gather. Giggs, the gardener, whose cottage was across the stable yard, appeared and Cuthbert Mireling arrived at the front door, having heard the screams from his home. A doctor was sent for and so was I, and between us we examined Miss Lucia, who was quite dead, and managed to calm her sister.

It was not until the evening, however, that I could get a statement from her. I had been over the ground by then and seen that the murder had happened about 200 yards from the terrace and that it was possible to reach the shrubbery from the house without being visible from where Miss Agatha had sat. Or, as I thought, to reach the house from the shrubbery for that matter.

The first thing that Miss Agatha said was that her nephew must be arrested at once.

" I saw him do it! " she kept repeating.

I pointed out that it was 200 yards away and asked how she could be sure.

" I watched him. He was wearing his deerstalker hat and that cape of his."

" But did you see his face? "

She would not or could not give a clear answer to that question. She *knew* it was Richard. She could see him quite clearly. The cape . . . the hat . . . it *was* Richard. I was to arrest him; not leave him in the house with her. Question her as I might, I could get no more from her.

Then I tackled the nephew. Before lunch he had been in the local pub playing darts with his two friends and Giggs, the gardener. He had left his aunt on the terrace and gone upstairs to sleep. He had heard the screams and come down. He could not account for Miss Agatha's accusations.

When I asked him about the Inverness cape he said he had found a stuffy little outfitter's shop in London which had some old stock of things long out of fashion—spats, fancy waistcoats, Norfolk suits and these capes. He gave me the name and address. He said that he had thought it would be amusing to wear something so dated. Yes, his friends knew where he had purchased it. I asked him to go and fetch it, and he did so, but took a long time.

" Katie had it," he explained. (Katie was the servant.) " She was mending a tear in it."

There was no sign of a stain or anything unusual about the thing.

I sent for Katie and found out, as I half-expected by then, that she had taken the cape to her room after lunch that day to repair it and that it had actually been in her hands while the murder was committed.

It was easy to understand which way the case was developing now, and when I went to the little shop and found that they had sold *two* of these Inverness capes in the last few months I could see daylight. The shopkeeper could not help me much over the two purchasers. He remembered the first fairly well and his description fitted Richard Luckery, but about the second he was uncertain. He remembered it was a young man, but nothing much more except that he had seemed in a hurry.

Next, of course, I cross-examined the two friends, but neither of them had much of an alibi. Cuthbert Mireling had been at home reading, he said, in a deck-chair on the lawn when he had heard screams coming from the old ladies' house. He had gone across to see what was the matter and whether he could be of any help. Gilly Ponstock had remained in his room at the inn asleep. He knew nothing about the murder till he came down to tea at half-past four and was told by the innkeeper. The gardener had been alone in his cottage.

It was a puzzler. Someone had bought one of these capes with which to impersonate Richard Luckery, had put it on in the shrubbery, murdered the old lady and made off. Giggs and Mireling had some sort of motive because each had fair-sized legacies, Giggs as an old employee, Mireling as a son of old friends. Either could have done it, but there was not a shred of real evidence against them.

My wife said that case would be the death of me. I couldn't sleep for worrying over it. I 'd tried all the ordinary things that should have provided clues—fingerprints, footprints, the weapon used, but none of them gave me an inkling. If I ever commit murder, I said, it will be like this, in the open where everyone can see me do it. Then I know I 'll never be found out.

Then suddenly I had an idea. I searched Richard Luckery's room, then came downstairs and arrested him. He was charged, tried and, I 'm glad to say, in due course hanged.

The explanation? Well, he had found what he thought was a very clever way of committing murder. A double bluff. He decided to impersonate someone impersonating him. Perhaps it was by chance that he came on that old stock of Edwardian clothes, or perhaps he was actually looking for something of the sort. He chose that Inverness cape as a garment easily distinguishable, bought another with which to impersonate himself, made a habit of wearing the first one, then waited his moment. He chose a Saturday afternoon because he knew that Miss Lucia would be gardening then, asked Katie to mend his first cape, went down to the shrubbery where he had hidden the second, put it on, murdered his aunt and returned to the house, which he entered while the servant was on the terrace. He had a perfect witness in Miss Agatha, who would swear it was him, because of the cape, and a perfect alibi in that *his* cape would be in Katie's room. He knew I should soon find out about the purchase of the second cape by someone who did not resemble the purchaser of the first—some simple disguise, I guessed. The more Agatha swore it was he, the more sympathy he would gain for being impersonated.

But, of course, he made his one mistake. They all do, thank heavens, or I don't know what would become of detectives. He forgot to plan the disposal of the second cape. I found it between the mattresses on his bed.

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CINEMA PREVIEW

The charity première of David Lean's production, *The Sound Barrier*, in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund and the R.A.F. Association, is due Friday, July 25, at the Plaza, Piccadilly. The film was written by Terence Rattigan and stars Ann Todd as Susan Ridgefield, Ralph Richardson as her father, John Ridgefield, an enthusiastic aircraft designer; and Nigel Patrick as Tony Garthwaite, the test pilot she marries.

With her father and husband, Susan watches her young brother Christopher's first solo flight, which ends in a fatal crash.

Tony and Susan set off to deliver a Vampire to Cairo. In their deadly anti-death armour they epitomise the jet age.

Ridgefield and his daughter listen anxiously to the zoom of his jet plane, Prometheus II., being tested. The first Prometheus has already killed Tony.

Promethius II. has been flown through the Sound Barrier. At the subsequent board meeting Susan at last realises the extent of her father's aims.

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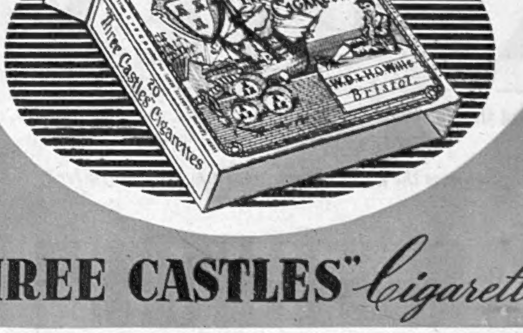

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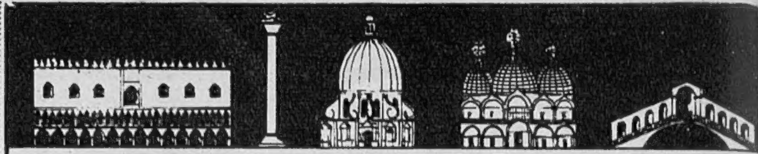

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EVENTS 1952

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SYMPHONY CONCERTS IN THE DOGES PALACE	July 1 - 31
THE FEAST OF THE REDEEMER	July 19
Air Week and International Aeronautical Show	July 24 - 27
MURANO REGATTA	August 3
NIGHT FETE ON THE GRAND CANAL	August 16
AT THE PALAZZO GRASSI :	
EXHIBITION "THE SILK INDUSTRY"	August 18 - October 19
PERFORMANCES IN THE OPEN	August 20 - September 10
13th INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL	August 20 - September 12
Opera Season in Campo Sant'Angelo	August
FESTIVAL OF FASHION	September 1 - 7
HISTORICAL REGATTA	September 7
INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL of CONTEMPORARY MUSIC	September 10 - 22
WORLD CONGRESS OF ARTISTS UNDER THE AUSPICES OF U.N.E.S.C.O.	September 22 - 28
13th INTERNATIONAL THEATRE FESTIVAL	September 23 - October 5

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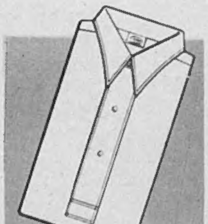

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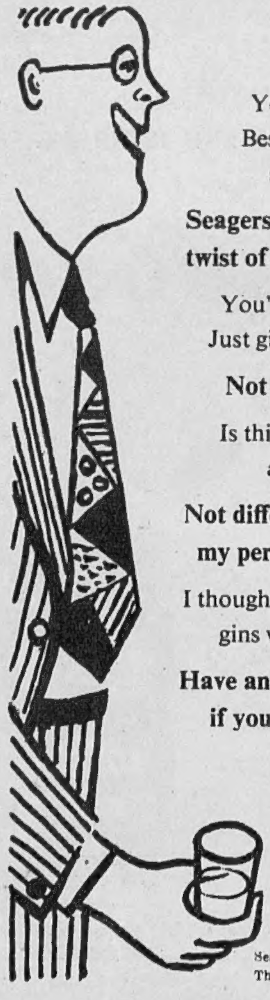

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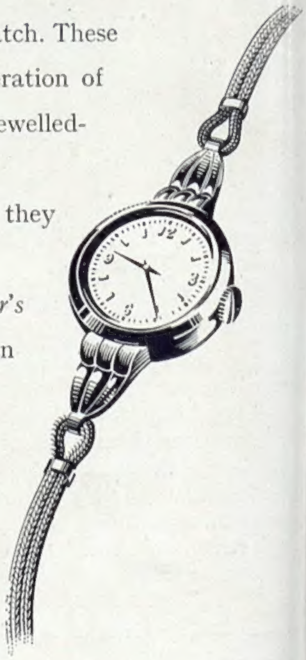
The experts who make these fine Swiss watches know that only experts should sell them. That is why they urge you to buy only from your jeweller.

Only at the jeweller's can you be sure of getting a watch in its original perfect condition. *Only at the jeweller's* can you be sure of expert servicing, efficient repair. *Only the jeweller* can show you how to distinguish between good watches and others.

If you choose a good Swiss jewelled-lever watch, and choose it at your jewellers, you will get the best of time. Your watch will combine the tradition of the past with the science of the present, to give you faithful service in the future.



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

SWISS FEDERATION WATCH MANUFACTURERS

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